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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS MARCUS SUPERBUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS,"

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, LIVERPOOL.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have always envied people who can be photographed every week without turning a hair. Not for them that freezing moment when you take a last look in the glass—a strange glass, too, much less sympathetic than the domestic mirror which has fondly reflected for years your grimaces in shaving; not for them, I say, that sinking which comes to some of us just before we seek the bubble reputation at the camera's mouth. Perhaps I have this feeling because I remember my first photograph as a painful disclosure, which caused so disagreeable a stir that the parents and guardians remonstrated with the photographer. Why had he made me look like that? Why had he exposed me to the gibes of contemporaries, who amused themselves with a sort of game which they called catching my expression? Whenever I appeared in society, the first face turned my way instantly took on a heavy scowl which ran round the company like an epidemic. It was not to be endured, said the parents and guardians, instructed by my vehement protests, that a young life should be blighted by such a libel. Well, the photographer was a straightforward man, not without humour, and, having explained in technical terms that no imp of caricature was hidden in the camera, he patted me on the head, and said, "You see, a boy of his age is often like that. Mind, I don't say he won't grow out of it, though"—this with a thoughtful frown—"Nature has given him a —." The parents and guardians stared at me as if I were a suddenly revealed monstrosity; and I suppose the particular freak which Nature had wrought upon my innocent features must have been glaring at that moment, for we all went sadly home.

Years passed before I again mustered nerve to meet the photographer's eye. This time he was an artist in tin-ware; that is to say, he transferred the image of a bashful public to that metal; and he employed a specious orator to stand in his doorway, and proclaim the virtues of this process. When he saw me, the orator seemed to be struck dumb with wonder. Did he, too, notice that Nature had given me a —? No; he laid an insinuating hand upon my arm, and begged me, with the deepest earnestness, not to lose such an opportunity of niching myself among the pictured immortals. He even accompanied me upstairs to the studio, and pointed out to the photographer that a young man with my impressive air of persuasion and command ought to be represented with folded arms, leaning on the back of a high chair, as one who stands at the helm of State, and gazes tranquilly at the troublous ocean of affairs. O that tin trophy of predestined fame! Out of a nocturnal gloom rose a dim figure of gigantic height, like one of those graven images which keep grim watch on the dizzy parapets of old cathedrals. I have never seen the gargoyles of Notre Dame without thinking of that photograph!

There was another long interval before I was so far reassured as to fancy that the kindly hand of Time had effaced, or, at least, disguised, my physiognomial heritage. During that period, friends were obliging enough to say that they pined for my portrait. It is lucky that, in our social intercourse, the 'haviour of the visage, as Hamlet calls it, beguiles the tolerant eye. A changeful ugliness becomes quite sparkling; you might almost distract attention from the absence of a nose by the dazzling evolutions of a good set of teeth. To the portrait-painter you can talk as you sit, so that he may seize your most engaging expression; but to the photographer you must, at the crisis, be as dumb as to the proverbial man at the wheel. To unfold to the camera the rapid panorama of your facial graces is to spoil the plate, and put the operator out of temper. There is nothing for it, during the century or so which is pleasantly called the "exposure," but to summon before your mind's eye visions which may suffuse your visage with a mellow radiance. Think of your most triumphant moments, of hated rivals abashed before your victorious calm, of that long *tête-à-tête* in the dimmest corner of the conservatory; or let imagination call up obeisant publishers proffering big cheques on richly embroidered cushions, while fellow-townsmen gild your merits with a service of gold plate, and the *Times* announces that your "Ode to a Cockleshell" has determined a wavering Prime Minister to crown your brow with the national laurel. I thought of these things when I came before the chemical inquisitor for the third time. I thought that the light of transfiguration on my features was succeeded by a look of infinite peace. Does not Austin Dobson sing?—

Sometimes the finely frenzied eye
Remains quiescent in its orbit.

And yet, when the photograph appeared, there was a baleful glitter in the right eyeball, and I was again reminded that Nature had afflicted me with a —!

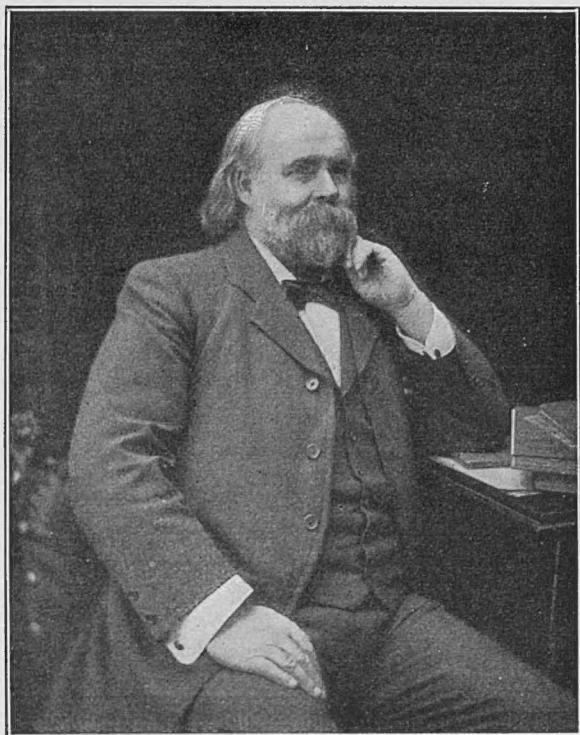
After this disaster, I spent years in regarding photography as a spirit of malevolence, the agent of some offended Mahatma, who pursued me with insatiable vengeance. To others he was kind enough; their portraits cumbered mantelpieces and reared themselves with statuesque insolence on pianos. There is a kind of man who always has a new photograph, like a professional beauty. He advertises himself in drawing-rooms, usually in evening-dress and a white waistcoat. By multiplying his effigy in this fashion, that kind of man is a perpetual new-comer, who takes the bloom off your afternoon call. I suffered this till last week, when I took a desperate resolution, and stole timidly into a studio on one of those days of our winter which are consecrated to the absent sun. By way of appearing at ease, I remarked to the eminent firm of photographers that it was dull weather for their business. With the slightest shade of reproof, the eminent firm replied that they used the electric light. Good heavens! I was so far behind science as not to know that. And suppose a piercing electric beam, directed by the Mahatma (unless, peradventure, he were sleeping), should illuminate that particular infirmity which had hitherto been my doom! But as soon as I saw the operator, I felt that here was a true physiognomist, a perfect Lavater, who perceived at once the plight of the trembling subject, and brought a benevolent genius to the rescue. His look said plainly, "Ah! I see that Nature has handicapped you with a —. My dear sir, do not let it trouble you. By a delicate adjustment of your not wholly impossible head, we shall bring out the full nobility of the torso. But, to show you the consummate nicety of the thing, we will begin with a few commonplace positions, gradually shading off—out-manceuvring, so to speak—that annoying trick of Nature which, I notice from the furrows in your brow, has worried you all your life. Eyes a little more this way; thank you. Now blink as much as you please."

To that magician I offer the fleeting monument of this page. He has changed the world for me, arrested misanthropy, and softened the decrees of heredity. With an excess of sympathy he has thrown into the series of photographs an Adonis of five-and-twenty, in whom my dearest friend fails to detect any trace of my lineaments; but the delicately adjusted head is a masterpiece of discretion. I propose to stand upon that head, jealous no more of white waistcoats. But in how many deceptions has photography played a gracious or a lurid part! Some of us are a little weary of detective stories; why does not the Lavater of the photographic studio give a flip to a jaded curiosity by writing his reminiscences? What character, what adventure, must have come within his ken! I once had a friend whom I visited at long intervals. Every time I noticed on his mantelpiece a fresh set of photographs of fair women, some of them with decorously tender inscriptions. "Jones," I invariably said, "I suspect you more and more of being a dog"; and he invariably met this challenge with an evasive laugh, as of one who could, an he would, unfold a thrilling tale. The truth was that never did man suggest the ideal dog less than Jones. He was small and nervous, always ill at ease in the presence of lovely woman, whom he regarded submissively with a fetch-and-carry air. And yet there was that ever-changing show of photographs! Could he have some secret fascination which was not revealed to the ordinary observer? Or was he the object of one of lovely woman's inexplicable aberrations?

But one day I called unexpectedly, and found the mantelpiece bare of its customary ornaments, and Jones, with a distracted aspect, writing a letter which evidently cost him a painful effort. "Gracious powers!" I exclaimed, "what has happened? Why aren't you a dog to-day? Or have the fickle charmers left you for another?" "My young woman and her mother have been here," groaned Jones; "I wasn't in, so they left this letter." I took up the document, and found it conceived in the fieriest maternal vein. All was over, wrote the indignant mother, between her daughter and an abandoned profligate. At last his real character was known; those shameless pictures had revealed him as he was. Had she not called that day, her innocent child might have been confided to a libertine's arms. A merciful Providence had guided her to the spot, and she had taken away the photographs as enduring evidences of a life of infamy. "Phew!" I said, "this is hard; but if you *will* be a dog—" "I am not!" cried Jones, starting up; "the photographs are not mine." "What! You ask me to believe that those endearing greetings were not addressed to your irresistible personality?" "I swear it," he answered solemnly. "I took charge of them for other fellows who were passing through town. They said I was a sober and trustworthy custodian for a collection of pictures unsuitable for a provincial tour." "And you are writing this obviously reasonable explanation to mamma?" "Yes," said Jones ruefully. "Do you think she'll believe it?" I assured him that I believed it; but somehow that seemed to be scanty comfort.

"FIFTY MILES AN HOUR ON A BIKE."

The first quality that the journalist should have is curiosity, if curiosity really means the taking an interest in all manner of matters. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province" must be his maxim. So when a friend of mine asked if I would like to have a chat with an inventor,



MR. W. S. SIMPSON.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

I promptly said "yes." Almost opposite to the St. James's Theatre, we entered a house, and met with the inventor, Mr. Simpson, whose photograph is a better account of him than a verbal description.

"Well, I suppose I must call myself an inventor," he said, in a voice that had a pleasant Scotch note, though hardly the "Scotch snap" of the musician. "By profession I am an engineer. A friend of mine asked me if I could not improve the bicycle. I got one and considered it carefully; then I came to the conclusion that in the chain there is much loss of energy."

"You mean," said my friend, "that enough force is not generated?"

"My dear sir, we do not generate force—it is a mere phrase, as delusive and useful as the 'electrical fluid'; we utilise force. 'All the king's horses and all the king's men' cannot create a ha'porth of force. One can convert it from latent to active, and utilise it economically or extravagantly, though I fear that such a phrase as 'utilise extravagantly' has a flavour of the bull in it. Now, when I looked at the bicycle I saw at once that a large amount of the energy converted from latent to active by the pedals is wasted, because the ordinary chain is an imperfect transmitter of force."

"Excuse me," said I, irrelevantly, "but what is this?"

"That is a small model of my new steamship-propeller. It is obvious to the meanest intellect"—I bowed—"I mean, everyone knows that we ought to be able to drive steamers far faster than at present, and one guesses that perfection is not reached by progress with screws. I have been trying to apply a more direct force, such as that of a swan's feet. I find that, with two cylinders at the stern, one on each side of the keel, driven alternately straight backwards with great force, one attains startling speed."

"How fast? How have you tested it?"

"I won't say how fast till trials have been made in public. I made a 12-foot model, and in my garden built a pond—lake, if you like—120 feet long. By-the-bye, I had a curious experience. I had a man sent over to me to make marine drawings, and when he saw my lake he lifted his hands and said, 'It's exactly the same things and size as used by Mr. Scott Russell when designing the Great Eastern. I made drawings for him.' But, as I was saying, the chain——"

"What has this Lee-Metford Army rifle to do with the chain?"

"Nothing; that weapon you hold has my new aiming-rest. You see this metal arm, which, when you release it from the clip in the stock, falls down, working in a ball-and-socket joint. Extraordinary shooting results have been made with it. The weight is only three ounces. I am supplying the Japanese and Roumanian armies with trial-specimens, and am in communication with our Government. You should read the remarks on it by Colonel Knollys in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*."

After noticing an invention for the purpose of increasing the ballistic and explosive effects of black powder, Mr. Simpson came back to the chain.

"I suppose you know that the wheel on which the pedals of a bicycle work is called the 'driving-bracket,' 'forward sprocket,' &c., and that the projection on the axle of the rear wheel, round which the chain passes, is the 'hub sprocket.' 'Hub' is a word that you know, of course?"

"Boston State-house is the *hub* of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out as a crow-bar," I replied, mindful of Oliver Wendell.

"Well, now, the ordinary chain passes round the driving bracket and round the hub sprocket, each of which has projections to engage in the interstices of the chain."

"It is a cog-wheel action such as at first was deemed necessary for railway locomotion, even by the famous Dr. Lardner?"

"Yes, yes. Now, the 'cogs'—to use your word—in my case, so far as the hub sprocket is concerned, are on the chain, which is a set of triangles, point upwards, freely linked to one another. The points of the triangles or 'cogs' work, not on the axle of the hub sprocket wheel, but on its outer edge. Consequently, the diameter of the hub sprocket is practically increased by the height of the triangles top and bottom—that is, from two inches to four and a quarter."

"Of course, I know that increase of diameter, other things being equal, means increased power."

"Exactly. Now, my chain has no more friction than the ordinary chain—in fact, less, owing to its elasticity—you will see how the 'cogs' go apart and increase the leverage when forcing the wheel, and then come together again—but, with the same amount of energy as the ordinary chain, actuates a far larger surface. The result simply is this—we hold all the world's records for speed save the one mile, from a quarter of a mile to forty-four miles. Messrs. Leitch and Pellant on a tandem have reached the rate of fifty miles an hour."

"Why not the mile?"

"Sentimental reasons. The man who was attempting it came an awful cropper in the last two hundred yards when well ahead of time. I promised him we would wait till he recovered before trying it again."

"Of course, increase of speed with normal effort means normal speed with diminished effort?"

"Precisely. Revolve the pedal with half the ordinary rapidity and you will have quite the speed obtained with the ordinary chain. That is why it eases hill-climbing enormously, and why ladies take to it. They can reach the pace they desire with less violence of motion, and consequently with less fatigue and more grace."

"Is it much more expensive?"

"Fitted with a new machine, it costs two to three pounds, and an old one can be adapted for about four. It is somewhat costly, because only made in one quality—finest tempered steel. I do not consider that its relation to the bicycle is the most important aspect of the chain, though some experts declare it is as important as the pneumatic tyre. The differential pitch thus attained will be of immense value in all branches of mechanics. It will give immense impetus to electric traction,



MADAME LISETTE RIDING A BICYCLE WITH SIMPSON LEVER-CHAIN.

and, in fact, help it across the borderland, for the economy of force will turn the scale and make it pay. See, here are the plans I am making for chains for electric tramways at Brighton."

Of course, I tried personally a machine with the Simpson lever-chain, and was delighted by its ease and smoothness. I regret that I cannot spare space for an account of some other of the inventions of the interesting, successful Mr. Simpson. Since my experiments I have made up my mind not to ride any bicycle without his remarkable chain.

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No. 6. JANUARY 1896.

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- XII. NOTES BY "RAPIET."

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

ON BOOK-LENDING.

I have received absolutely the most impertinent letter that it is possible for a man to get. It is written by a person well known in the journalistic world, who subscribes himself my "friend." The letter is not threatening or blasphemous or libellous; it is worse, for the writer sends to beg me to return certain books he lent me. I can understand, and sometimes even forgive, the feelings that tempt tradespeople and subscription-seekers to deluge me with letters asking for money on the trifling grounds that it is for value received or for charitable purposes. But what right, legal or moral, has a man to ask for the return of books lent? If I do not like a book, I do not borrow it; if I require a book, it instantly becomes part and parcel of my daily needs. He is a Vandal and a Philistine who would remind me that I expressed an opinion that its contents would only take a short time to master. "Never a lender, but a borrower be," should have been the advice of Polonius to Laertes; and, in publicly refusing to return my quondam friend's miserable volumes, I will make a declaration of faith on the subject. Such books sent to me by authors, publishers, or editors as have no interest or value, and are neither readable nor saleable, anybody may have; all books I like and hold, howsoever obtained, are mine, in the most exclusive sense of the term. If I take refuge in rhyme, it is because my nerves are unstrung—

My dainty tome, when first we met

You served me for a "Small Talk" par.;

I borrowed you, I keep you yet,

Nor care whose property you are.

You came with many an uncut leaf

(Which pencil-marks have now made black),

Your owner's tenure was but brief.

And he shall never get you back.

Through tranquil day and quiet night,

Upon my bookshelves' middle row,

You've "rare Ben Jonson" on your right,

And on the left Boccaccio.

Be brave, should he whose book you were

Prove quite devoid of proper feeling,

And take you back by force, I swear

I'll have the boulder up for stealing.

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"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," AT THE LYRIC.

There are times when the critic would like to sink into the mere reporter, and save himself the trouble of forming and expressing opinions by making simple statements of fact. "The Sign of the Cross" is in point. To treat it as a Sardou spectacular melodrama, to compare it with "Izéyl," the religious drama of Sylvestre and Morand, is easy enough; but the circumstances of the production require other things to be considered.

dangers. Primarily, there is danger lest poor plays should succeed because of their religious interest, just as ere now indifferent works have had success on account of subject and not merit. "The Sign of the Cross" is, to some extent, an instance. If the play were "The Sign of the Crescent," and dealt with Mussulman martyrs, it would, as an effectively constructed, handsomely mounted, well-acted spectacular melodrama, enjoy substantial success, limited, no doubt, by the fact that the interest in the heroine is needlessly small. As it is, one may prophesy a "Trilby" boom for the new work, because Christus is



THE LATE MRS. STIRLING (LADY GREGORY).

THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH. TAKEN BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

Whether it is good or bad for religion that religious dramas should be played, is a question rather for the professional champions of religion than for the dramatic critic, and I will venture to pass it by with the remark that in the tights, the bare arms and white bosoms, there is too much of "the flesh and the devil" for "The Sign of the Cross" to have great spiritual efficacy.

How far, then, will the theatre gain from the new production, which obviously has somewhat extended the realms of the acted drama? It is hard to say. At first sight, as one sympathising with every former serious assault upon the Censor, I feel delighted. Yet there are great

spoken of and not Mahomet, and the sermon from the Epistle to the Romans is quoted at length, instead of the Koran.

It is probable, however, from the history of the Censorship, that the practical result of the production will be less than is expected, and that when earnest dramatists try to use religion as basis, and deal, as they would have to, with controversial matter, they will be baulked by Mr. Redford. So long as the religion is employed as a mere matter of colouring, and used without vital discussion, it will be allowed to pass; but many of those who applaud the passing of Mr. Barrett's play would call on the Censor to stop any piece of a controversial and, from their

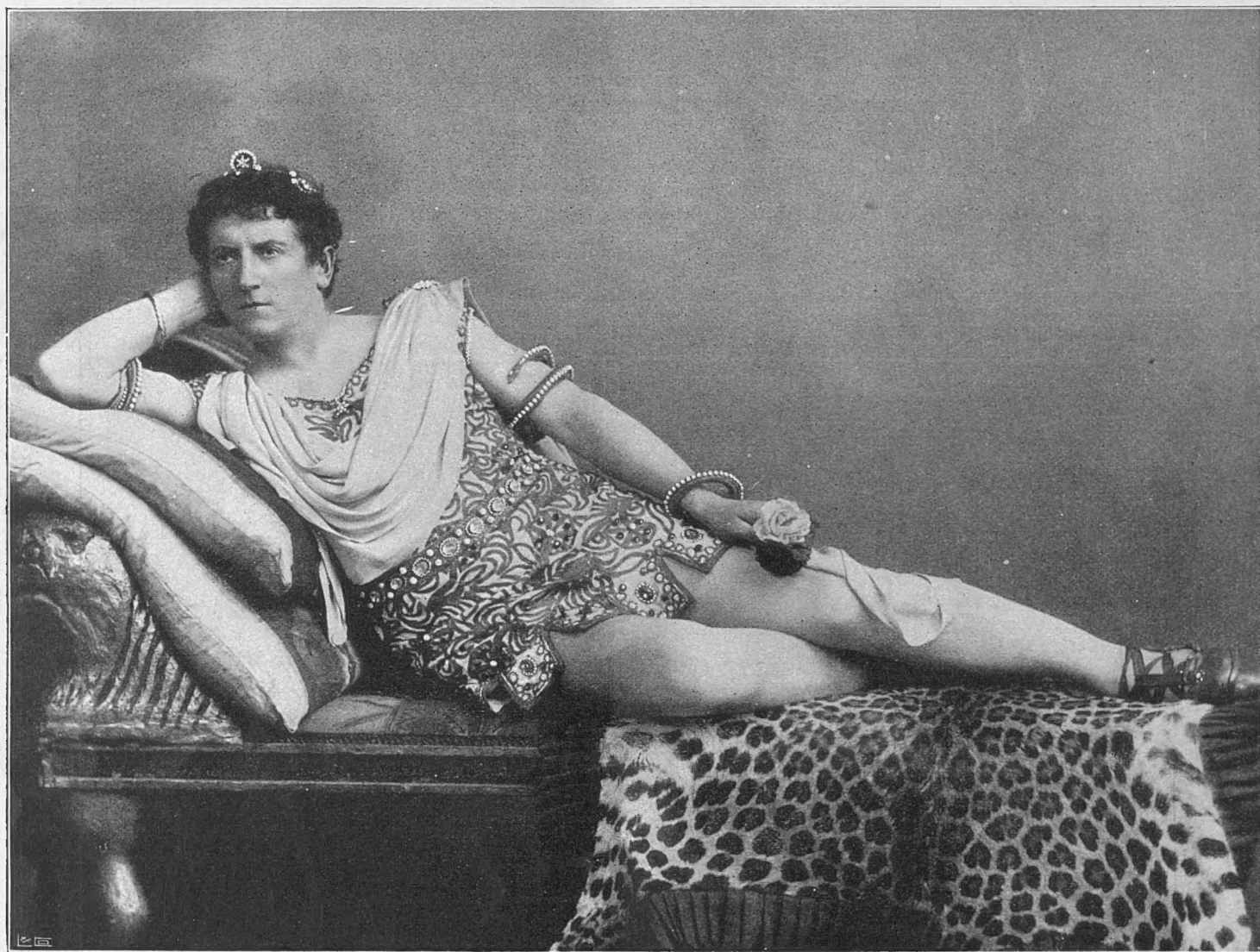
point of view, dangerous character, and he would listen to their voices. Consequently, I doubt whether the stage will gain much by what has happened.

Turning immediately to the piece, one is first struck by the skill with which Mr. Barrett maintains interest in his story by use of ingenuous incident. It is true that the play would have been more interesting if the author had successfully attempted the more ambitious task of really centreing the interest upon hero and heroine—had shown from the first that Mercia loved Marcus, and had fully developed her character instead of leaving her a shadowy embodiment of the Christian virtues. However, as a compensation, there was a striking picture of the infamous Nero—possibly the wickedest creature that ever lived. M. Garnier's Justinian was a remarkable picture of the cruel, cowardly Emperor, but not half so strong and startling as Mr. Franklyn McLeay's Nero. Whatever Suetonius or statues may suggest, the actor gave powerfully realistic presentation of lust, fiendish cruelty, and terror of death.

In the actual handling of the martyrs, much is good and effective.

The chief burden, according to his design, rests on Mr. Wilson Barrett, the Marcus, and he has well fashioned it to his gift for sudden storm of passion and striking elocution: it is not, perhaps, of the best that he has done—the touch of poetry that dignified his Claudian seems missing—but the merits of his strong, earnest work are beyond dispute. As a picture of revelry in Rome, the last scene of the third act is ingenious; and Miss Cortelyou, the jealous *bona roba*, acted with great spirit; while Mr. Manning, in the part of worshipper of Bacchus and despiser of Venus, was really funny. "Funny" seems a queer word to use in speaking of a religious drama, and nowadays appears to suggest a criticism.

The first and last thing to be said of "The Sign of the Cross" is that it is a powerful melodrama, strong in situation if weak in dialogue, full of striking incidents and effective scenes. No one can find it uninteresting, even if there is a long, dull scene; and it may draw many to the theatre who have hitherto held aloof, and they, once having tasted, may permanently increase the number of the drama's patrons, and, consequently, aid in the production in the future of valuable work.



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS MARCUS SUPERBUS.

"Is it possible there is some good in this despised Christianity, after all?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, LIVERPOOL.

I except the flogging of Stephanus, because I think that acts of torture on the stage, or even shrieks of pain off the stage, are simply revolting. Coming on Saturday close upon dinner, they upset my digestion. Such effects can only appeal to low instincts. I remember once, when coming out of the theatre after "Uncle Tom's Cabin," overhearing, "Didn't 'e give Uncle Tom his thrashin' beautiful—oh, that was a treat!": the sentiment has stuck in my mind ever since. On the other hand, the scene in which Mercia encourages Stephanus to go manfully to his martyrdom is quite beautiful. It had the advantage of excellent acting, for Miss Haidee Wright's performance in this and former scenes was remarkable for its power and sincerity. Miss Maud Jeffries, who seemed to have a bad cold, plays her part charmingly—she had not very much to do or say, but all was noticeable for suggestion of nobility of character.

The efforts of Berenis—scholars may discuss the name—to conquer the heart of Marcus, and her comedy scenes with Dacia, drag somewhat, partly because they are not very cleverly written, and partly because the actress, a handsome girl of some ability, was hardly powerful enough for her task. A curious effect was due to one phrase allotted to Berenis and several spoken by Marcus, from the fact that they were quotations from authors still unborn. On the other hand, I am curious to know where the alleged text is to be found, "Woman is the fount of all that is good and beautiful in man."

"ALL ABROAD," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

It is a pity that, in producing its second edition of "All Abroad," the management has not called in some new hand to revise the book. The lyrics of Mr. Risque and new songs by Mr. Harry Greenbank are clever, and, in some instances, very funny. At times, notably in the two legal numbers, Mr. Risque shows quite remarkable deftness. Mr. Rosse's music, too, is good, if not brilliant; few of the tunes are dull, some are positively piquant, and sometimes the handling of the orchestra shows a sense of humour. Moreover, the company is fairly strong, the dresses are pretty, and many of their wearers very pretty. One necessarily, then, regrets the poverty and puerility of the framework. Who but the groundlings can laugh at the idea of making an elderly man ridiculous by causing him to use hair-dyes that turn his wig green, then red, and then parti-coloured? Who can dig up a smile about Skeggs, the office-boy—who seems borrowed from the "call-boy" of "In Town?" In the new company one can find hearty praise for Miss May Edouin, a vivacious young actress of no little charm; for Mr. Templar Saxe, who, of course, sings excellently; for Mr. Cecil Frere, comic as a huge policeman; and Messrs. Willie Edouin and Fred Kaye, who work prodigiously, and not without success, at the low-comedy parts. Miss Grace Palotta is a handsome Madame Montesquieu.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.

NOW SUPPORTING MR. WILSON BARRETT IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

SMALL TALK.

It is expected that the Queen will return to Windsor Castle about Feb. 14, and during the following week her Majesty will hold an Investiture of the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian orders, when several individuals are to be knighted.

The Queen is to travel to the Riviera by way of Cherbourg, embarking at Portsmouth Harbour on board the *Victoria and Albert*. Her Majesty will leave Windsor in the afternoon, dining and sleeping on board the royal yacht, which is to lie in Portsmouth Harbour during the night. The *Victoria and Albert* will leave the following morning, after the arrival of the London papers and letters, for Cherbourg, and early in the evening the Queen will start from the port station direct for Nice. The whole journey from Windsor will be completed in about fifty-five hours, the second night being spent in the train. The special train from Cherbourg to Nice will be provided by the Paris and Lyons Company, and accommodation will be required for about sixty persons. The train will consist of three *lits-salons*, the Queen's own two saloons, some ordinary first-class carriages for the servants, and four luggage-vans. The Queen's saloons are kept at the Gare du Nord, Brussels, and they will be overhauled and partly redecorated during the next month.

Lord Cross is to pay one of his periodical visits to the Queen next week. Lord Cross succeeded Lord Sydney as the Queen's confidential adviser respecting the management of her estates and her private fortune. He is an excellent man of business, and so was Lord Sydney, who for a great many years regularly audited her Majesty's private accounts.

The statement that the Prince of Wales will return from the Riviera "in time to hold the first Levée in March" is incorrect. The Prince is to be abroad during March, and he will hold the first Levée of the season at St. James's Palace before his departure from England, probably during the third week in February, shortly after the meeting of Parliament. There is to be another Levée in March, to be held by the Duke of York.

On New Year's Eve the Queen of the Belgians held her "Salon Blanc" reception, which is confined exclusively to members of the fair sex. After the wives of the Ministers and members of the Corps Diplomatique had paid their respects to her Majesty, several young ladies were presented to her. No gentleman is ever present at this function, which takes place after dinner, and is got through as speedily as possible.

There are to be two Drawing-Rooms at Buckingham Palace before Easter, but the dates cannot be positively fixed and officially announced for some little time yet. The Queen will receive the Corps Diplomatique at the first Drawing-Room only, if her Majesty decides not to hold a Court, for which function the preliminary arrangements have been made. If the Princess of Wales is away from England when the Drawing-Rooms are held, then Princess Christian will receive the general company; and, in any case, it is probable that the Queen will herself be present at only the first one.

The Queen will much miss the constant companionship of Lady Ponsonby, who has this week started for a prolonged stay in Italy. Long before her marriage to Sir Henry, then Mr. Ponsonby, she was held in great estimation both by the Queen and Prince Albert. With the exception, perhaps, of the Empress Frederick, Lady Ponsonby was the most literary member of the Court circle, and to her were addressed four of George Eliot's most characteristic letters among those quoted in the *Life*. She was also intimate as a younger woman with Mrs. Augustus Craven, and the pretty, though far from extensive, suite of rooms occupied by her Majesty's Private Secretary and his family, when the Court was in residence at Windsor, were always full of the newest Continental as well as English periodical literature.

One is glad to hear of a distinct improvement in the Cesarevitch's condition since his arrival at La Turbie. The weather has been splendid, and this, coupled with change of air and scene, has done much in helping the royal invalid. Les Terrasses was chosen, among many other eligible villas, because of its particularly well-sheltered position. A beautiful terrace-garden surrounds the Prince's temporary home, beyond which rugged rocks, with stunted olive-trees scattered between, make a picturesque contrast with the trim terraces and lawns which lie immediately about the house. Visitors are held at bay by a stalwart custodian occupying a handsome Gothic lodge facing the road, and journalists are, it is said, particularly *défendu*. No alterations, if any, have been made since Countess Van-der-Osten occupied La Turbie last year, when her garden-parties made famous the wonderful view obtained from this corner of the coast. In fine weather one can see the Corsican Mountains from the windows of the Algerian Dining-room, and the French Riviera, even to Cape Esterel, is well within range. The Grand Duke was delighted with a first view of the salon, a charming room, leading on to a vestibule filled with exotics at one side, and gardens on the other. Its furniture, of old Florentine oak and silver-framed Venetian mirrors, is particularly harmonious. One great silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling, is used to light this room, which is a favourite lounge with the Cesarevitch. The Dowager Czarina is shortly expected to visit her son.

Princess Frederick Leopold showed admirable courage and self-restraint all through her Royal Highness's extremely unpleasant ice

adventure on a lake outside Potsdam, notwithstanding, too, that but for the fortunate appearance of a workman on the scene both the Princess and her lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Colmar, ran very great risk of drowning. When the man himself broke through the ice in his efforts to save the ladies, it seemed for some minutes as if a rescue was impossible. A young peasant, who pluckily succeeded in assisting all three to safety by means of planks dragged over the ice, turned out to be a son of the ladies' first deliverer. He was sent for to the Castle of Neuglienicke next day, where the Princess and her attendant were being cared for; and there is no doubt that the fortunate youth's intrepid conduct will be amply rewarded, for royalty in these days does not suffer from the alleged classic short memory.

I have received the following letter from Messrs. Milward and Co., the solicitors to the Duke of Marlborough. I am very glad to publish it, although I should think this was a case in which "silence is golden"—

Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph appearing in your issue of the 18th instant, stating that "great preparations are going on at Blenheim for the Christmas festivities, being conjointly superintended by Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lilian Duchess." We desire to inform you that there were no festivities at Blenheim at Christmas, and that nothing there was conjointly superintended by Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lilian Duchess, as his Grace takes charge of his own house, and everything connected with it, and does not brook any interference.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place in February, between Miss Ethel Holman, elder daughter of Mr. J. Holman, of Gledhow Gardens, and Captain Hancocks, R.E., at present home on leave from India. Captain Hancocks is brother-in-law to Mr. Frank Barrington-Foote, the well-known artist.

The average man in the street is strangely unfamiliar with the personal appearance of statesmen and princes. I have heard men talk of statesmen in the most familiar manner, calling them by their Christian names, and seen these same men pass the people they are accustomed to discuss so frequently without any recognition. One afternoon in the spring I followed Mr. Gladstone half-way down Old Bond Street; he was never recognised. The other afternoon I was strolling for nearly two hours along Regent Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly. I noticed two Cabinet Ministers and several statesmen of high degree. Nobody appeared to recognise them. A well-known actress passed a crowd of people staring at a photographer's window, where her own photo was very much in evidence. I saw her smile, and join the group of onlookers for a brief moment; but still nobody noticed her. On that particular afternoon the West-End was crowded with people who possess claims upon the public attention, yet no one heeded them. On the following morning I was at a newspaper-office in Fleet Street, and, coming up towards the Strand, came across a prize-fighter going to the office of a sporting daily. He was universally recognised by the crowd, and this recognition, coming so close upon the previous day's experience, amused me, as it seemed to settle beyond a doubt the peculiar style of hero in which the public takes delight.

I was taking a promenade down Bond Street the other Saturday afternoon, and was deeply moved by a difficulty in deciding between two competing invitations for the following day. In this state of doubt and worry I looked up and saw, on the opposite side of the road, the Prince of Wales, walking with another gentleman. I immediately crossed, and followed at a respectful distance, intent upon observing how many of his faithful subjects recognised their future king. Several well-groomed men passed him without recognition, and then the Prince stopped outside the windows of the Diamond Merchants' Company to look at the display. As he remained there and showed no immediate inclination to resume his walk, I was compelled to pass him and continue my journey. One would imagine that, in the afternoon, Bond Street would not suffer the Heir Apparent to pass unnoticed; but it did.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in that delightful causerie which he writes every week for the *British Weekly*, under the signature of "A Man of Kent," makes the statement that the names of Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth will probably be included among the Birthday Honours. It is to be hoped that Dr. Nicoll is correct in his information. If these titles are to be given at all, the more of them that are assigned to literature and journalism the better. Mr. Hall Caine, apart from his success as a popular novelist, deserves some mark of national appreciation for his services in the cause of Canadian copyright. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, apart from his production of abundant literature for the masses, deserves similar good fortune in consideration of the enterprise which he has displayed in connection with Arctic exploration.

The admirable photograph of Mrs. Stirling which appears on the front page of this issue was taken by Mr. Caswall Smith, of the Gainsborough Studio, Oxford Street, at the end of November, and was absolutely the last sitting which Lady Gregory gave to a photographer. Although she had been more or less unwell for two years, she had been confined to bed only about three weeks previous to her death. She was buried on New Year's morning, in Brompton Cemetery. Among the few mourners at the grave were Mr. Bancroft, in whose farewell revival of "Caste" Mrs. Stirling had appeared, Dr. Bond, Mr. Caswall Smith, who was a very old friend of Mrs. Stirling, and four Sisters from Nazareth House. It was pathetic to see Sir Charles Gregory take his last look at the simple coffin as it was lowered into the grave.

At the Rand, St. Andrew's Day was celebrated by a Caledonian banquet, at which some speeches were made which, in view of the crisis that has since occurred in the Transvaal, have a peculiar interest. Mr. Melton Prior, who recently went to South Africa to represent the *Illustrated London News*, was present. In the course of a little speech he made, he said he would give his opinion of the Transvaal if he was challenged to (cries of "Go on!"), and he would bet five pounds to a shilling that his opinion would be the opinion of every man in the room. The feeling in England was very strong as to what the British position should be there, and the question was uppermost in their minds. His own opinion was very strong, for he had been five times in South Africa, and had had to bolt four times; and if there was any chance to follow a rifle or bayonet in this country again, he could promise them that he would do so.

The Scot is insistent. Wherever he goes the heather seems to spring up involuntarily. He swarms over South Africa, and what more natural than that he should hold a gathering after the good old Highland style? The Caledonian Association arranged the affair, and the games were held at King William's Town in the end of October. A fine North Country flavour was added to the affair by the presence of the pipers of

read the journals, and gone into the public-houses, and heard the unguarded talk of men. And I have found your vaunted America honeycombed from top to toe with infidelity, even to itself and its own programme. I have marked the brazen hell-faces of secession and slavery gazing defiantly from all the windows and doorways. I have everywhere found, primarily, thieves and scalliwags arranging the nominations to offices, and sometimes filling the offices themselves. I have found the North just as full of bad stuff as the South. Of the holders of public offices in the Nation, or in the States, or their municipalities, I have found that not one in a hundred has been chosen by any spontaneous selection of the outsiders, the people, but all have been nominated and put through by little or large caucuses of the politicians, and have got in by corrupt rings and electioneering, not capacity or desert. I have noticed how the millions of sturdy farmers and mechanics are thus the helpless supple-jacks of comparatively few politicians. And I have noticed, more and more, the alarming spectacle of parties usurping the government, and openly and shamelessly wielding it for party purposes." Sad, serious, deep truths. Yet there are other, still deeper, amply confronting, dominating truths. Over those politicians, and great and little rings, and over all their insolence and wiles, and over the powerfulest parties, looms a Power, too sluggish maybe, but ever holding decisions and decrees in hand, ready with stern process to execute them as soon as plainly needed, and at times, indeed, summarily crushing to atoms the mightiest parties, even in the hour of their pride. In saner hours far different are the amounts of these things from what, at first sight, they appear. Though it is, no doubt, important who is elected President, Governor, Mayor, or Legislator (and full of dismay when incompetent, or vile ones, get elected, as



A SCOTTISH GATHERING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

the Black Watch, who during their stay have fetched the natives to an extraordinary degree. The celebrations opened with a ball and a picnic, and the games followed another day. The representatives of the gallant Forty-Two were lionised as they rarely have been before, one journalist breaking into Byronic frenzy over the music they discoursed, "under the stars." "The one topic of conversation among many of the fair sex," I read, "was the appearance of the Highlanders." If they had been Mormons, I feel sure they would have cleared King William's Town of all its womenkind in four-and-twenty hours. But the town remains where it did.

The storm raised by President Cleveland's Message has subsided, but the Exchanges of London and New York are strewn with financial wrecks, and the desperate decline in American securities which accompanied the hurricane must have given opportunity for the losing of enormous fortunes—and, no doubt, for a few, the making of huge profits. It has been whispered that the President's Message was launched with a view to financial as well as to political profit, and, whether or no this assertion has any basis of truth, it is neither uninteresting nor unimportant to read what is said of American politicians and their ways by so weighty an American writer as Walt Whitman. In that somewhat scarce little book, "Democratic Vistas," the following passage occurs—

A foreigner, an acute and good man, had impressively said to me, *putting in form, indeed, my own observations*, "I have travelled much in the United States, and watched their politicians, and listened to the speeches of the candidates, and

they sometimes do), there are other, quieter contingencies, infinitely more important. Shams, &c., will always be the show, like ocean's scum: enough if waters deep and clear make up the rest. Enough that, while the piled embroidered shoddy gaud and fraud spreads to the superficial eye, the hidden warp and weft are genuine, and will wear for ever.

Had Walt Whitman lived to read President Cleveland's Message, who shall say he would not have scathed it with a new edition of his scorn?

Poor Stepniak's extraordinary literary command of English has been scarcely mentioned in the various notices that have appeared during the last week. Yet he was the first Russian who ever wrote a novel in the language of his adopted country, and, although he sometimes collaborated with English friends, whenever any work went out as his, it was his own, and not in any sense sub-edited or corrected. Few men knew more about Russian folklore than did the late Nihilist, and he was co-editor of a charming selection of little Russian National ditties. The Russian refugees have been fortunate in their wives. Madame Stepniak was, in the best sense of the word, her husband's closest friend and companion; and Prince Krapotkin is more than devoted to his wife and little daughter. It has not been noticed that Stepniak and Dr. Aveling really adapted a typical Russian play for the English stage, "The Storm," by the well-known Russian dramatist, Ostrovsky. This is in the possession of Miss Alma Murray, and may, perhaps, some day see the light, with that clever actress in the rôle of the heroine.

As Jack Bates, the swaggering actor who tried to bounce giddy little Kitty Clive in Mr. Frankfort Moore's curtain-raiser at the Royalty Theatre, Mr. Henry Vibart gets a small, and yet a somewhat showy, chance in town. In the country he is well known. Once upon a time, he held an appointment in the head office of the Scottish Widows Fund.



MR. HENRY VIBART.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

called "The Red Squadron." Miss Meller appeared as Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," at the Olympic, seven or eight years ago, and was also concerned, if my memory serves me faithfully, in one of the Ibsen productions of comparatively recent date.

I note with interest that on their recent engagement in Milwaukee Sir Augustus Harris's "Hänsel und Gretel" company are said to have played that fairy opera in English for two nights, and in the original German for a third. Clearly an opera-singer ought to be a good linguist nowadays.

The Independent Theatre and its directors have found a doughty, if not always perfectly judicious, champion in Dorothy Leighton (to use her public name), who has drawn up a summary of the present position and future prospects of the society founded by Mr. J. T. Grein, to whom, I note, a well-deserved tribute of praise is paid. Here and there in the course of the little pamphlet the writer shows herself too much in the capacity of a partisan—unnecessarily, I think; and also the fact that Independent Theatreism is almost synonymous with Ibsenism is made to stand out with quite sufficient clearness. For all that, I rather admire the spirit of hope and of never-say-die pioneering with which the document is permeated. "Little Eyolf," with Miss Janet Achurch in the rôle of Rita, is the play promised for production next, and many impartial people, in addition to the votaries of "the Norwegian Master," will hope that this curious play may have something more than "a success of esteem."

Mascagni has been accredited with several original opinions and anecdotes. Most celebrities are, whether deservedly or otherwise. But it is to be hoped, for the composer's knowledge of London methods and manners, that when recently asked where he would wish to live, he knew better than to say, "London in the morning, Paris in the afternoon, Vienna before dinner, and," &c., as we are assured to have been the case. The charms of a metropolitan morning are open to argument, and one occasionally leans to the late Mr. Washington Hibbert's often-expressed opinion that "London streets, like the morning papers, wanted airing before they were worth looking at." The afternoon, at any season, is the hour when things are best in this great, luxurious city, to my thinking, whether idling away sunshiny moments in the Park of a summer day, or dawdling delicious hours in the lamp-lit boudoirs of dainty beauty while winter logs crackle merrily in the grate. There is no city of the world where "five o'clocks" exert such spells as in the inner life of externally unbeautiful London.

An American playwright, with the audacity characteristic of his tribe, is giving the name of "The Devil" to a new drama of his. The terrible fiend thus lightly mentioned is the one more commonly known as the "printer's devil," and, inasmuch as the title-character is written for an actress, the printer's devil in question is of the petticoated variety, and lives and moves in a small transatlantic provincial newspaper-office. No doubt the more serious interest of the play will be plentifully relieved with song and dance of the good old familiar sort.

Exactly ten years ago, he made his first stage-appearance, at Glasgow, in "A Mother's Sin," and then had a stock season in Edinburgh. He has supported Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. Compton, Miss Isabel Bateman, and others. Recently, he played the part of Philip Christian in "The Manxman" and Dunstan Renshaw in "The Profligate." Now that he has come to town he is likely to stay here.

Mr. Edward O'Neill, who was playing that dreadfully wicked Captain Richard Maitland in "Tommy Atkins," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a thoughtful and intelligent actor, very well known in the provinces, where he has lately been touring, together with his wife, Miss Rose Meller, in a melodrama

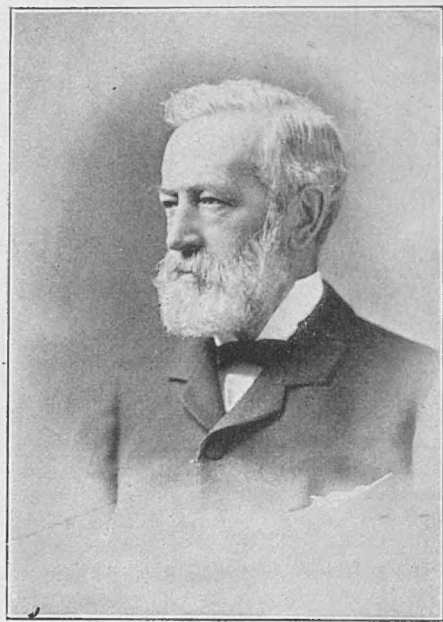
A distinguished novelist is credited with a merry thing about the two most notable English novels of 1895. He said their authors ought to be called Meredith the Obscure and the Amazing Hardy. Well, the real piquancy of the remark is that the distinguished wag is not exactly famous for the lucidity of his own novels, though they have never amazed anybody.

Greeting to Mr. Earl Hodgson! He has rescued the *Realm* from limbo, and though it ceased to be for one week, it is flourishing again, with a new proprietor, and at the old original price of threepence. The future of the British Empire is so dubious that it has been propounded as a conundrum to a number of writers in the *Minster*; but who can have any doubts as to the future of the *Realm* after this notable resurrection?

The duel between Mr. James Knowles and Canon MacColl is not over. The Canon is going to let off a pamphlet, in which he proposes to show that he wrote in the *Contemporary Review*, when Mr. Knowles was editor, the very language which the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* now declares to be unfit for his pages. I suppose Mr. Knowles will reply in another pamphlet. Hurroo! There will be some lively reading this New Year, anyway.

Italian opera artists are not absolutely the most affectionate people in the world. One hears funny stories of tricks played upon brother or sister artists, and one of these has recently been told to me. I am compelled to withhold all names, as some of the principals are alive and in England. It was an opera by Verdi, and one of the sopranos was to take the rôle of page-boy. She was a fine woman, but rather disliked on account of her bitter tongue and good opinion of herself. There was a dress rehearsal in which she appeared in boy's clothes, and, being in bad temper, insulted the leading tenor. His wife was present, and being of a rather vindictive turn, resolved upon a revenge worthy of the *Mala Vita* Society itself. Her quick eye had found out that much of the new page-boy's shape was artificial, so she made some *banderillas* with coloured paper and a long needle, and waited in the wings during the evening performance. Down came the page six or seven minutes before her call; accomplices held her in conversation while the wife of the tenor stuck a *banderilla* into the calf of each leg. Needless to say, the needles penetrated only padding, and when the young page bounded on to greet his master—the tenor—with song there was such a roar from the house and such a scene on the stage as are better imagined than described.

Another well-known railway veteran closes his official career with the year that has just departed. Mr. Francis P. Cockshott, the energetic Superintendent of the Great Northern, has been associated with that railway for over thirty years. He was born in 1824, at Addington Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and commenced his business career in 1841, when he entered the office of Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P., the Treasurer of the Stockton and Darlington and of the Great North of England Railways. The former was the first English railway, and Mr. Cockshott's reminiscences carry him back to the frequent meetings of the Chairman, Mr. Edward Pease, and George Stephenson at this office. What changes this veteran official must have witnessed in his fifty-five years of railway experience, from the first line in its crude stages, to the sixty mile an hour expresses to Scotland, so lately under his own control! In 1849 Mr. Cockshott was appointed Goods Manager of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, and, shortly after, Superintendent. In 1851 came further promotion in his appointment as Traffic Manager of the South Devon Railway, his responsibility being increased in 1858 by the Cornwall Railway also coming under his control. In this connection it fell to his lot to take charge of the arrangements for the opening of Brunel's great bridge across the Tamar by the Prince Consort. It was in 1865 that he received the more important appointment of Traffic Superintendent of the Great Northern, and the subsequent offer of the post of General Manager to another line did not tempt him from his allegiance to this company. Under his competent management the main-line traffic to the North, which was his special care, has become a model of punctuality and excellence, both as to speed and comfort. A handsome presentation of silver plate was made to Mr. Cockshott on his retirement by Sir Henry Oakley, the General Manager, on behalf of the officers of the company. The plate, which was richly gilt, consisted of a dessert-service and two claret-jugs overlaid with silver, which bore the inscription: "Presented to Francis Pickersgill Cockshott, Esq., Superintendent of the Great Northern Railway, on his retirement after thirty years' service, by his brother officers. Christmas, 1895."



MR. FRANCIS P. COCKSHOT.

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is the pantomime fare at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, this year, Mr. Pieton Roxborough, who has been supporting Mr. Arthur Roberts in "Gentleman Joe," being the giant. The scenery is a notable feature of the production, and is the work of Mr. Le Maistre. The accompanying photographs will give some idea of the setting.

One begins to wonder whether "Trilby," like Milton, will be a name "to resound for ages." Certainly "Treelby," the latest burlesque sketch, will not resound for very long on its merits, for, as my companion observed to me at the Palace Theatre, "it is worse-written than the original." The name of Miss St. Cyr drew me to the sketch, for the title would have repelled me. For a moment she made brave threats of being sufficiently shocking to atone for her singing, which sadly resembled that of Miss O'Ferrall in her ante-hypnotic days. The threats were barely carried out; and since the music to which she danced had little sense of dance-rhythm, the charming dancer was a little disappointing even on her own ground. I hope some other musician will be called in to give her a measure more inspiring; then the sketch will be worth a visit. Mr. Raymond gave a clever mimicry of the Svengali of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. However, the programme at the Palace Theatre is remarkably strong.

I am glad—and I am sure that there are many who will rejoice with me—to hear that "Gyp" is herself again, and that she is once more at work upon a new series of those satirical dialogues of which the authoress



MOONLIGHT SCENE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Photo by R. Banks, Manchester.

of "Petit Bob" alone seems to have the true secret. Yet the Comtesse de Martel is far prouder of her artistic than of her literary power. She is a really admirable pastelist and water-colourist, exhibits frequently at the minor Paris galleries, and possesses one special gift often denied to women, that of being a caricaturist *hors ligne*. "Gyp" does all her literary work in the small hours; she sits down at her large, much-littered writing-table about twelve, and, after covering some forty sheets of foolscap with her huge, sprawling handwriting, retires to bed at 3 a.m. An enthusiastic rider—she always uses a straight saddle—she has a horror of hunting, and of any form of sport involving loss of life or suffering to animals; and it is not a little owing to her efforts that the quaint form of paper-chase known as *Rallye-papiers* has become so popular in French garrison towns. Like her great-uncle, Mirabeau, "Gyp" is an excellent conversationalist; but her personality is intensely feminine, and, as is the case with her friend, Madame Severine, she is quickly touched by any tale of sorrow or by an appeal to her sympathy.

The dramatic incident of a judge sentencing his own son to death, which, I understand, occurs in Stevenson's last book, "Weir of Hermiston," is by no means a new one in English fiction. Readers of Bulwer Lytton will recall how, in that romantic tale of highway robbery (for the writing of which the talented author received much censure), "Paul Clifford," the attractive hero is not only sentenced to death by his own father, Judge Brandon, but the effect of the tragedy is heightened by the fact that the judge has only just been informed (while on the Bench) that the prisoner is his long-lost child, and that that child has upbraided him, ignorant of the relationship, with having been instrumental in launching him on his career of crime. It is the fashion to sneer at Bulwer Lytton, but the sneerers might some of them take a lesson in graphic force from the trial-scene in question.

Miss Grace Warner, who appears with Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Lyric Theatre, is the only daughter of the well-known actor, Mr. Charles Warner, and made her debut at the early age of fifteen, when she appeared as Juliet in the balcony-scene on the occasion of a complimentary benefit given to her father at Drury Lane Theatre before his departure for Australia. Mr. Warner discovered that his daughter possessed histrionic talent when he heard her declaiming a French poem which she was

studying for her school exam., and, after receiving very favourable criticisms on her Juliet, it was arranged that she should devote herself to the profession and accompany her father on his tour. From playing small parts in the Antipodes, this very youthful actress rose to the "lead"; and during the two and a-half years she and Mr. Warner were on tour, starting with the rôle of Sophia in "The Road to



THE GIANT'S KITCHEN, THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Photo by R. Banks, Manchester.

Ruin," she went on to such important parts as Desdemona, Galatea, Pauline, Lady Teazle, and Juliet, for which her very charming and graceful appearance is in itself a recommendation.

The extended "tramp abroad" proving somewhat exhausting, Miss Warner was counselled to take a year's complete rest on her return to the mother country. Nevertheless, she accepted an engagement offered by Messrs. Gatti, when she had been only a few weeks in England, to play the heroine of "The English Rose" in a provincial tour of twelve months' duration, since which time Miss Warner has been playing in "The Prodigal Daughter" for over two years in a variety of towns. She has appeared also in "The Sailor's Knot" and "The Lost Paradise" on tour, contenting herself with a very occasional performance in London till she should have established for herself a fair reputation, Mr. Warner having impressed on his daughter the advisability of studying her art in all its details in the provinces, to fit herself thoroughly for the London stage. Miss Grace Warner's luck has come to her through the Lyric; her two most recent appearances in London were at the Lyric, when she assisted at a benefit, and at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where she played the leading lady in "A House of Lies"; and now, once again, Londoners will greet her from over the Lyric footlights. This pretty young actress, with her wonderful golden hair, and sweet, vivacious face, is a staunch supporter of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, and may be often encountered at Mrs. Carson's cheery "Sewing Bees," stitching away for dear life at some garments designed for less prosperous sisters in the profession.



MISS GRACE WARNER.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

I have to congratulate Mr. Edward Tyas Cook on his appointment to the editorship of the *Daily News*. Mr. Cook started his career with considerable success at Oxford, where his earliest ambitions were centred upon the Civil Service. He, however, took to schoolmastering for a time, and then went to assist Mr. Stead at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office,



MR. E. T. COOK, NEW EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

succeeding him as editor a year or two later. With the change of proprietors at the *Pall Mall*, he became editor of the new Liberal organ, the *Westminster Gazette*, and alike in both journals he showed a very marked genius for journalism and a capacity for initiation which is the "note" of the true journalist. His literary enthusiasms have been mainly in the direction of art literature. He has written an admirable treatise on the life-work of Ruskin, and a very serviceable handbook to the National Gallery. Mr. Cook will, no doubt, be succeeded at the office of the *Westminster* by his able coadjutor, Mr. Alfred Spender. The new editor of the *Daily News* is well under forty years of age. He has a charming wife and an equally charming sister-in-law, Miss Dorothea Baird, the pretty girl who has taken the town by storm as Trilby.

A pretty amateur entertainment was recently given by Mrs. David Little in Manchester, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and on the opposite page you will find portraits of some of her helpers. Her own children took an active part in the performance, and she herself wrote a prologue, which was delivered by Miss Muriel Maberly. A children's march in Kate Greenaway costume appropriately opened the programme, which was varied and admirably presented, thanks to the excellent stage-management of Mr. T. H. Drew.

Right heartily do I welcome Mr. Stead's latest venture, "The Penny Popular Novels." The first of the series, issued on Thursday, is "She," the first edition consisting of 200,000 copies. The experiment of serving-up popular novels at a price and in dimensions which render them suitable for weekly publication is one which has never yet been tried on its present scale, and it surely ought to succeed.

I observe with melancholy interest the business-like announcement notifying that St. George's Hall has ceased to be the home of the German Reed Entertainment, whose early history and latest stage development have both been described quite recently in *The Sketch*. St. George's Hall, now advertised as "late German Reed's," will henceforth be available for "amateur or professional performances, by the night or season, *matinées* or evenings."

Mr. Newson Smith, the chief of the happy syndicate that rules the Tivoli, the Pavilion, and the Oxford, has just been made a Deputy-Lieutenant of the City of London, on the nomination of ex-Lord Mayor Renals. He is just forty-two, and began to practise on his own account in 1876 as an accountant. His business includes the transaction of the oversight of the affairs of several places of amusement in London. He is a Conservative in politics, though he has liberal ideas upon amusement. He is married, and has three sons.

Is the diarist dead? Has the art of a Pepys perished? I had once believed that he and his art were as dead as Queen Anne. Perhaps they are, and yet a stationer with a big business told me the other day that he sold an enormous quantity of diaries every year, and that the sales were increasing. I have an idea, however, that few of the purchasers have the courage to keep them up beyond a few weeks. They start the year with good resolutions to make a note of it, but the task demands too much method for the ordinary man to carry on for any length of time. Even the majority of those who struggle through the year become beautifully brief as the months pass by, I suspect. Stevenson, you remember, tabooed the diary as a "school of posturing and self-deception"—but, then, the man in the street is not a Stevenson. I think diary-farming is a harmless occupation, and, if you got the run of a lot of diaries, I fancy you would find them no more introspective than this—

Dear Diary! the friend of all
Who wish their secrets kept;
A secular confessional
Where one has laughed and wept.
I think of all the scribbling crew
Who start the year resolved
To gossip of the things to you
In which they are involved.
The schoolboy (though he may not rhyme)
Might write—I'm back to school;
It's beastly after Christmas-time,
When one can play the fool.
And should he write (which much I doubt)
Till summer comes again—
We won the match to-day, not out—
But they had rotten men.
A merry miss would doubtless write
In thumb-book, neatly paged,
With gilded top—I heard to-night
That Esme is engaged.
Or this—To-day I went to see
A perfect dream at Jay's;
And, after that, I called for tea
And tennis at the Greys'.
The City man is short and brief—
De Beers went strong to-day;
Don't like the look of Golden Reef,
And what the experts say.
The Member, scribbling in the House,
Will grumble thus, perhaps—
I can't get North to pot the grouse:
Confound those Labour chaps!
The mirror of the passing hour
The Diary reflects,
How many minds, serene and sour,
And echoes Life's defects;
And if its page could only talk
At everyone's command,
How many scandals then would stalk
Throughout a peaceful land!



MR. H. NEWSON SMITH.
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

IN FANCY COSTUME.

Photographs by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.



MISS MARIE LITTLE (LOUISIANA LOO).



MISS DOROTHY OGDEN IN A FRENCH MINUET.
Photo by Mrs. Fred Williamson.



MISS DORA LITTLE.



MISSSES DORA AND MARIE LITTLE.



MISS A. CROFTON IN A CYMBAL DANCE.



OLD AND NEW.



THE THREE YOUNG MAIDS OF LEE.



MASTER CROFTON.



THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEE.

One of an editor's joys is the variety of greetings he receives at Christmas-time. He is always surprised and gratified to find that genial memories of him have been treasured up through the year, and descend upon his head in the shape of æsthetic tokens. I have had Christmas cards from all sorts and conditions of people. One greeting bears a picture of a spot in Franz Josef Land, but has no chilly significance. Another comes from South

Africa, and presents a coloured gentleman leading an ostrich with one hand, and ringing a bell with the other. It must be warm work, but I was pleased to observe that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand, though that is supposed to be the usual attitude of the bird when he desires to avoid the interviewer. Other cards bear well-known names with which I am always delighted to point a sentence or adorn a page. An assiduous correspondent sends me his customary oblation in the form of a story which I cannot accept. It comes so constantly that it falls on Christmas Day, my



birthday—every occasion, in fact, when I am disposed to relax the sternness of the editorial bosom. I should like to take that story, if only for the sake of auld lang syne; but if I did, another would promptly haunt the letter-box. I know it is no use telling my correspondent not to harrow my feelings in this way with unavailing appeals to my better nature. He will not be turned from what he regards as a sacred duty, so I shall have that story as a valentine, and as an Easter-egg. Well, I wish the author a happy New Year and unlimited postage-stamps.

Sometimes, when I have been reading of Christmas in the Antipodes, I have wondered how plum-puddings, hot "groggs," and other mixtures supposed to be appropriate to this period of the year would commend themselves to me in a high temperature. On the last night of 1895 I almost fancy that I gained the experience within a few miles of Charing Cross. Rushing down into Surrey to witness the obsequies of the Old and the birth of the New Year with some friends in an ancient house, I found the party strolling about the gardens as if the month were June; and even I, who am a chilly being, found myself throwing open the thin overcoat I wore. The slight mistiness that



and dawdling in wooded paths are generally associated, in this country, with a different season. I have certainly known "a night in June" much colder.

What will not man collect? The other day I read somewhere of a gentleman who collected historic doors—a craze demanding considerable room for their bestowal. Chairs, easy and otherwise, have often afforded amusement, and perchance instruction, to the harmless collector; while, to turn one's thoughts in an exactly opposite direction, we may remember folks who have collected the headgear of eminent persons. Umbrellas that have been grasped by the hands of celebrities have before now been herded together, and walking-sticks are collected by the Prince of Wales, who is by no means original in this particular case. The other day I was shown a vast assemblage of "watch-cocks," the remains of a large collection some choice examples of which are, I believe, at South Kensington. For those of my readers who are ignorant on the subject, I may say that a "watch-cock" is the little grating which covers the escapement of a watch, and which is

rarely seen in the modern ticker. In the days of old the "watch-cock" was an elaborate work of art often full of beauty of design and delicacy of execution. The greater number of those I saw were French, and belonged to the Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze periods. Some had quaint faces and grotesque figures, but others were of the most charming scroll-work patterns, which had doubtless been labours of love to the old artificers who worked them.

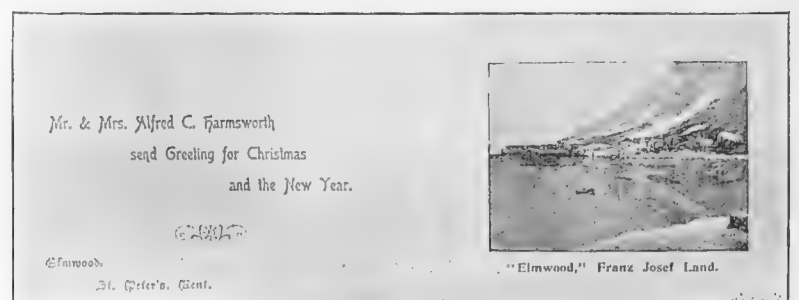
My fair readers will be interested in hearing a distinguished stranger's first impressions of Brighton, which were gathered on a recent damp Sunday morning, in company with the present "translator," then acting as temporary bear-leader. "As for your climate," said his High and Mightiness—and he said no more. The day was certainly not a show one at our Only Winter Resort. "But," he added encouragingly, "your Front at Brighton, as a petticoat competition, leaves all other promenades far behind." It was a fact. The grey landscape had been enlivened by a dazzling display of glorified silk petticoats, which were necessarily in evidence from the pulpy condition of the ground. And if one cannot admire the sweep of a gathered-up skirt by reason of such just cause and impediment, there is surely some mitigation in the consequently revealed glories beneath. So, at least, my French friend found it.

Quite different was the view taken by a smart little American woman, whom we chanced to run across on the Front later on. "You call this

WITH ALL GOOD WISHES
FOR CHRISTMAS TIME
AND THE NEW YEAR
FROM CECILIA AND
JUSTIN HUNTLY MCARTHY,
82, EATON TERRACE,
LONDON, S.W.

a winter place," she said, eyeing me reproachfully, as if I were responsible for our "melancholy island" and muddy pavements. "But—er—it's quite fine overhead now," I pleaded, seeing that, as a Briton, some excuse was expected of me. "That is so," my fair friend agreed disdainfully; "only I guess we don't want to walk up there!" which was also indisputable.

I had the opportunity the other day of inspecting an extremely interesting private collection of relics of the great Napoleon, an account of which has never yet appeared in print. They were bequeathed to a friend of mine by a relative of his, who was brought into intimate connection with Bonaparte during his exile at St. Helena. To begin with, deep interest attaches to the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, faded as its colour now is, habitually worn by Napoleon, and borne by him even at Waterloo, according to a legend for which I cannot vouch. Unimpeachable is the authenticity of a gold medal, one of the twelve struck in that metal, and presented by Napoleon to his twelve Marshals, in commemoration of his marriage to Marie Louise. Marshal Bertrand was the original recipient of this medal, which I handled with much curiosity. Two other items are a tooth extracted from the head of the victor of Austerlitz and a lock of his hair enclosed in a brooch. Not many Englishmen could boast of having received personal mementoes of "le p'tit Caporal," and these were precisely the rôles played by the couple of gold buckles which Napoleon took from his shoes and presented to my friend's relative as parting gifts. I have kept the best until the last, the magnificent set of chessmen brought home by this gentleman from St. Helena. They were sent to Napoleon by the Emperor of China, and chess-players would indeed covet the splendid pieces, each one artistically carved from a separate solid block of ivory. The Red King represents the Emperor of China himself, the Bishops being Buddhist priests, the pawns Chinese infantry, and so on; while the White pieces stand for European characters, the King and Queen being said to afford excellent portraits of George III. and Queen Caroline, and the Bishops wearing the garb of Christian ecclesiastics. Fortunate indeed, and much to be envied, is the family that has such exceedingly valuable heirlooms in its possession.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



YOUNG '96 : I did think *The Sketch* young ladies would have avoided this sort of thing. I really must speak to the Editor at once, and ask him to prevent the others from following suit.



"You broke all the good resolutions you made last Christmas?"
"Yes; but I shall make others quite as good."



Geo. H. S.

ONE WAY OF ENJOYING ONESELF.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The war-cloud of the West has given place for the present in comparative blackness to those of the East and South. We leave the Groverbearing Cleveland to wrestle with his deficit, and the Congress that ought to remedy it; and our eyes are fixed on the sorrows of the Armenians, and the wickedness of Abdul the Dam-Hamid, as Mr. William Watson calls him; and on the ancient Boer, who is meditating whether or not to kill the Uitlander that digs the golden eggs for him—a performance which he would seem to have successfully commenced. Yet the bellicose feelings that responded in such volume and intensity to the “Amazing Message” of the Red Grover still remain to be reckoned with.

The educated men, the literary men, the travelled and well-bred men, the upright business men, the jurists, the diplomatists of the United States, have no wish to go to war to hand over British settlers to the tender mercies of a mongrel anarchy calling itself a South American Republic: they recognise that the Monroe Doctrine in no way applies to a boundary dispute, eighty years old or so, between a British Colony and a neighbouring State. That the possession of certain miles of tropical jungle or swamp by British Guiana rather than by Venezuela is a menace to the honour and interests of the United States is a contention worthy of Colney (or Olney) Hatch. And even the unlearned and ignorant and prejudiced who constitute the greater part of the American, as of all nations, can see this much. Not one of them would be a cent the worse or better for drawing a frontier-line anywhere between Orinoco and Essequibo. The national honour would never suffer a scratch, except in so far as the President had committed his country to an untenable proposition. If (as is quite conceivable) the Commission of Inquiry, now in process of formation at Washington, should pronounce in favour of the claims of British Guiana to the debatable ground, those who have clamoured for hypothetical war will look slightly foolish, but they will have suffered no injury or discredit, except as regards their reputation for wisdom.

But the very slightness and remoteness of the cause of quarrel makes the outbreak of warlike feeling more serious. It is thirty years and more since the United States ended the great Civil War, and those who took part in that conflict and knew what war really is have, to a great extent, passed out of active life. The United States Pension List looks as if there were more of them than ever; but the warriors are not immortal, though their fame and somebody's pensions seemingly are. And it is not from the veterans of the war that the battle-cry comes. It may be said generally that a great war leaves a nation peaceably inclined for so long as men remember its horrors. It was not till the comrades of George Washington were out of the way that the United States rushed to war in 1812, after the chief cause of war had been removed. The financial disasters of that war, outweighing its isolated triumphs, kept the States friendly with England—whence came the Monroe Doctrine, among other things—until another generation had gone by. Then a quarrel nearly caused a conflict on the Oregon boundary; but Mexico proved a weaker foe. After the Civil War there were many questions in dispute, all far graver and far more nearly concerning the United States than the wretched Venezuelan squabble; but, in spite of great exasperation of public feeling, there was no war. But now the full term of a generation has gone by, and once more Jonathan waxes fat and kicks his senior relation.

The danger lies in the fact that there is undoubtedly a considerable body of opinion in the United States supporting a war with England on almost any pretext. Those who raise the cry are probably far fewer and of less weight than the serious and sensible classes, to whom war is only the last resort to repel intolerable injustice. But there is the vast floating uncertain mass between, moved by any breeze, crediting any journal, catching up any cry. The Monroe Doctrine makes as good a motto for a battle-flag as anything else. Eastern mobs have often fought in the Byzantine times for the unintelligible distinction between two screeds of amateur metaphysics, peppered with anathemas and called creeds. Compared with the arguments of Fathers and Councils, Mr. Olney's despatch is the acme of clear logic and rigorous fairness. “Great is Monroe, and Grover is his prophet!” With this war-cry of the faith may the militia go forth to conquer Canada.

The peril to be guarded against now is the persistence of the irrational war sentiment in the United States till it awakens the kindred instinct, now happily latent, in England. Englishmen may come to think that war is meant on any pretext, and may come to wish for the conflict while yet the better-prepared. English journals and public men have been, if anything, a trifle too anxious to conciliate. But conciliation is only weakness where it meets with a temper of resolved aggression. MARMITON.

A BROKEN LINK—MRS. STIRLING.

It might almost be said that *the* link between our theatrical generation and its predecessor has been broken by the death of the great actress who passed away on Dec. 28. True, there is still among us, happily alive and well, a lady whose years outnumber Mrs. Stirling's by a decade; while another famous living actress, three years her junior, probably appeared on the stage as early in the 'thirties as Mrs. Stirling did; but it is impossible to assert that either Mrs. Keeley or Lady Martin is in any way as much an actress of this generation as their great sister-comedian. By playgoers of even twenty years' experience Mrs. Keeley has probably never been seen on the stage, except at some special performance, where she spoke an address, or did some other kind action to benefit an old comrade or aid a good cause. She retired from the active pursuit of her profession while all of us who are still on the hither side of five-and-forty were in the nursery, and when many a playgoer who regards himself as a man of vast experience was still unborn.

Regarding Lady Martin, the facts are much the same, though her acting is not quite so unfamiliar to the theatre of to-day as Mrs. Keeley's. The present writer remembers well seeing her play *Rosalind* and the *Lady of Lyons* in Edinburgh, with Tom Swinbourne, who died the other day, as her leading man; but, on thinking it out, he is fain to confess that, vivid as is his memory of the great actress, these representations took place a quarter of a century ago. But, in Mrs. Stirling's case, the youngest of this generation of theatre-goers can remember the rich and perfect acting of the great comédienne who played *Martha* in Sir Henry Irving's production of “*Faust*,” and the Nurse to Miss Mary Anderson's *Juliet*. Yet this lady, whose acting has been seen within these few years to retain such wonderful spirit and vigour, was born eighty years ago. Her maiden name was Hehl, but for stage purposes she assumed that of Clifton. Fanny Clifton, then, to give her the name by which she was familiarly known, was born in 1816, and was educated at a Roman Catholic school. When some seventeen years old she made her first appearance at the Coburg Theatre, one of the less regular temples of the drama, then under the management of the notorious Davidge. Here she “went on” to deliver messages, and next was promoted to “chambermaids.” While playing here she was seen by Farrell, the manager of the Pavilion, an East-End theatre of some celebrity, who engaged her. In the company were also Cobham, who had been one of Edmund Kean's rivals, and, of more importance to Miss Clifton, an actor named Edward Stirling, who persuaded the lady to change her name for his. The young couple next went with Davidge's company to Liverpool and Manchester, and, the lady's reputation having travelled to London, she was next engaged at the Adelphi. Here, amid a company of extraordinary strength, Mrs. Stirling made a great success in *Victorine*, *Biddy Nutts* in “*The Dream at Sea*,” and many other characters, among which may be mentioned a nigger girl called Sally Snow in one of the dramatic entertainments given by the celebrated “Jim Crow” Rice.

Mrs. Stirling, ever an assured favourite of the London public, afterwards played at the New Strand Theatre and the St. James's, and in 1839 appeared at Drury Lane as *Beatrice*. In 1840 she went to the Haymarket, under Benjamin Webster, and, in January of the following year, took the part of Clara Douglas, in the play of “*Money*,” which Helen Faucit had given up. Regarding this performance, Macready, who played *Alfred Evelyn*, notes, “I was much pleased with Mrs. Stirling in Clara. She speaks with freshness and truth of tone.” With this great actor she played many characters at different theatres, and in 1848 she joined the Olympic company, where she made great successes in “*Time Tries All*,” a piece called “*The Eton Boy*,” a farce entitled “*Cousin Cherry*,” and in several legitimate parts, such as *Juliana* in “*The Honeymoon*” and *Katharine* in “*The Taming of the Shrew*.” At the New Strand Theatre, whither she went after the Olympic was burned down, she made a notable hit as *Adrienne Lecouvreur* in Oxenford's version of Scribe's well-known play, and in the same year, 1849, she was very successful as the heroine of Sir Theodore Martin's “*King René's Daughter*.”

Perhaps Mrs. Stirling's most famous character was *Peg Woffington*, which she “created” at the Haymarket on Nov. 20, 1852, on the first production of “*Masks and Faces*.” It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the charm of this performance, a charm which must have been felt even by those who saw Mrs. Stirling play the Woffington in later years, when she had no longer the advantage of youth to aid her. When she was over sixty years old she acted the character with a brilliancy and truth that were irresistible, and made one forget that the actress was almost old enough to be the grandmother of the girl she played. In 1877, while on a provincial tour, she acted *Peg Woffington*, *Lady Teazle*, *Mrs. Candour*, and *Widow Green* in “*The Love Chase*,” within a fortnight; and it would be difficult to say whether she was most surprising and delightful in the emotional extremes of *Peg Woffington*, the gracious comedy of *Lady Teazle*, the brilliant speeches of the scandal-monger, or the daringly drawn tremors of the expectant widow. Since her success as *Peg Woffington* in 1852, Mrs. Stirling has played “star” parts chiefly, a long engagement at the Olympic being the main event of her career. From 1868 to 1879 she did not act much, but since the latter year she has given us more opportunities of studying her perfect art. It is curious to remember that in “after dinner” addresses on charitable occasions she has appealed to large companies with excellent effect and unflinching taste.

Little more than a year ago Mrs. Stirling, whose first husband died in 1894, married Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, K.C.M.G., who was of much the same age as herself. R. W. L.



MISS ETHEL EARL, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Of that excellent order of fiction where the first scenes open in an inn on a great highway, the landlord of which is no better than he should be, Mr. Charles James is a skilful handler. His new book, "At the Sign of the Ostrich," Messrs. Chapman and Hall have just added to their "Story Series." The landlord here is almost worse than he need be; indeed, there is a trifle too much villainy for comfort and for the geniality which tradition demands from this kind of fiction. The old machinery of horrors has been rubbed up and sharpened, and with their modern gloss of printing they seem ghastlier than ever; at least, our old friend, the bed which sinks its victim into an oubliette of black water, and serves the landlord's prodigal son so when he returns with money in his pockets, has lost none of its terrors. But our nerves are soothed by the final scene, where the young gallant's villainy is converted, by a speedier method than even fiction usually employs, to a very promising and becoming degree of virtue.

But the prince of such tales is Mr. Marriott Watson's "Galloping Dick" (Lane). It is one of the very best story-books the season offers, and excellent for the spirits, for it forces its reckless, happy-go-lucky mood upon you. The meeting of the highwayman Ryder with the Bishop makes only just a better tale than the meeting of the same worthy with his Majesty King Charles II. Dick plays the host to both, plays the high hand with both, and is, at moments, discomfited by both, who have weapons of dignity and social subtlety he has never learned to use, quick though his wits are, deft his tongue, and connoisseur as he is in men. The Bishop is the better company of the two, upholds the honour of his calling more effectively in compromising circumstances, and turns the tables on Dick more neatly, when the "fine evening's pleasuring" is over. But there is some pretty play comes out of the royal encounter, too, when the highwayman is introduced, by a freak, to the Duchess of Cleveland. It is all a trifle artificial, may be your reflection four-and-twenty hours after you have closed the book; but, while you read, you only think that, since Dick was so witty and resourceful and adventurous—and you believe in him fast—no incident is too extravagant to be credited to his career. You are lifted from the outset into the fitting mood to receive his reminiscences with faith. Dick is a character to live and to gather further romances about. He is an aristocrat in his profession, critical of all and scornful of most of his fellows, loving his own company when bent on business—"I was not for couples myself; I kept myself aloof"—having more sympathy and more camaraderie towards his victims and the chance travellers that cross his path than with those of his own trade. But he is not the gentlemanly highwayman of romantic melodrama; his language is of the people, his love-making is barbaric, his love of plunder frank and resolute, and his practical jokes heartier than they are *spirituel*. There are refinements about the conception of him that will endear him to older rather than younger readers; and probably no magistrate will point to youths led hopelessly away from respectability by the perusal of "Galloping Dick."

If Richardson is to be read by any outside a score or so of patient enthusiasts, now is the chance. Professor Saintsbury's "Letters from Sir Charles Grandison" (G. Allen) run to the moderate length of two volumes. This is, of course, by no means the first time that Richardson has been shortened, but no one of the acuteness or standing of the present editor has till now attempted a selection. His is a very good one, and the connecting notes give perfect continuity to the narrative. In the best abridgment you will lose something worth keeping; but as not one man in a thousand has the time, any year of his life, to read the entire thing, the choice has to be made between dipping at haphazard for yourself into the full well and letting someone like Mr. Saintsbury dip systematically for you. If you choose the latter, you get, by way of introduction, just that eminently fair, cool-headed estimate of the novelist as you may expect from the particular editor, and you get, too, the illustrations of an excellent draughtsman, Mr. Chris Hammond. I saw a lofty criticism of the edition the other day, which amounted to this: that no attempt of the kind could have any real success, nor, indeed, should it have such. We had outgrown Richardson; we could do better things ourselves. Whether we do things better or worse, we don't do the same; and it is just these identical prolix, sentimental, subtle, not-of-our-date qualities which are the charm to many readers. And Richardson's faults are not so aggravating as modern conceit.

There have been many replies to Max Nordau's strictures on art and society to-day, and one of them has swelled almost to the size of "Degeneration" itself. The anonymous work, published by Messrs. Constable of Westminster, sums up its answer to, or rather its contradiction of, Nordau in the title "Regeneration." Very well-intentioned, very charitable in tone, and open-minded, on the whole, it will yet just have no effect at all as a counter-blast to the clever, shallow, narrow, ill-tempered, and most amusing book it seeks to refute. It is explanatory and apologetic where explanation and apology are uncalled for; on questions concerning pictorial art, at least, the writer is confused, and possibly ignorant; and though its earnestness, its frequent good sense, and continual conscientiousness, win sympathy, it is terribly long-winded and dull—which seals its fate with those readers who were to any appreciable extent influenced by Nordau's sensational warnings. But "Degeneration" needs no elaborate answer. Where the author was right, he was flogging a dead horse. For the rest, his book was uncommonly like a treatise in colour by a colour-blind man who had mastered the subject, on its intellectual side, by the laborious study of a great many text-books.

The name of "The Lost Stradivarius" (Blackwood)—the author is Mr. J. Meade Falkner—should be noted for several different reasons. First, the story contains an excellent ghost. Then, the writer's wide musical knowledge is used with skill, being knit with the fabric of the tale. And the present-day interest in the occult receives a stimulus on one side and a wholesome warning on the other. It is a picturesquely melancholy story, ably wrought and finely finished, and the sensational incidents it recounts do not lose in effectiveness by passing through the medium of a gentle lady's mind, which has been shocked and saddened by them.

O. O.

SUDERMANN'S NEW PLAY.

In "Das Glück im Winkel" ("Love in a Groove"), produced for the first time on Nov. 11 at the Burg Theatre, Vienna, Sudermann is seen at his best, and that his best is something very fine indeed those who are familiar with "Die Ehre" and "Magda," and his great novels, "Frau Sorge" and "Es war," will not be slow to admit. This time it is not the revolt of a daughter, but of a wife, that the dramatist depicts. Frau Elizabeth Wiedemann, who is still young and attractive, is secretly at war with her environment. She is possessed by vague yearnings, but she hardly knows for what it is she pines. Her husband is good and kind to her, and the petty cares and worries of their daily life do not trouble her. Outwardly she is happy in a prosy, humdrum sort of way. But there is another way of being happy, and that she seems to have missed. She wishes she could experience it once, just once—that overflowing joy in life and love, that intoxication of ineffable bliss. Surely if you have never known it you have never lived! The voice of these forbidden desires begins to speak all the more clearly within her because the silent, careworn man at her side regards her discontent with anxiety, but is too timorous to ask any questions. Esteem, confidence, gratitude, these are the bonds that unite them, but there is, besides, a barrier of restraint dividing them, which the years of their married life has done nothing to diminish. He has never read her naked soul, she has never felt the power of the man in him triumph over her, has never laid at his feet in a prostrate ecstasy at having found her master. This is the hidden state of things that exists when the Baron von Röcknitz crosses their path.

The Baron is one of those typical Prussian *Junkers*, of superb physique, arrogant, egotistical, tyrannical, whose motto is "What I wish for I'll have at any cost." Women are uneasy in his presence. At first sight they know him to be the kind of man they wouldn't care to be left alone with. He has an almost hypnotic influence on them, which draws forth all the latent sensuality in their natures. An innocent girl would flee from him in horror, and escape unhurt; a woman happy in her love he would have no power over; but the wife whose union with her husband is imperfect, whose marriage has practically been a failure, is his certain prey. The relations between Elizabeth and her husband have long contained the germs of a drama, which now unfolds itself with ruthless inevitableness.

In a scene that we follow with bated breath Elizabeth is brought face to face with the reality of her dream. In the Baron's animal embrace she feels the mastery she has coveted; she comes, for the first time, under the power of the Man; learns, at last, what all her dim imaginings and undefined cravings have meant. When she has got her desire, it is only in her capacity as woman that she appreciates it; as the individual, Elizabeth Wiedemann, she recoils from it, shuddering and repentant. She will not elope with the Baron, for she does not love him, and would sooner die than go with him. After all, she still loves her husband. Now is his opportunity; he may reveal the man in him, prove that he can be the master she has for years so sorely needed. One expects an outburst from him of jealous fury and angry abuse, but it does not come. There is only an explanation, conducted with calmness on both sides. She says—

"Your youth was over, but not mine. Every nerve in me pulsed feverishly. How full of longing I was . . . Ah! I wanted so to live, to live! Those long winter evenings, how long they were, when there was nothing to do but to gaze into the fire, and the summer nights when the lindens were in blossom. People said there was a world somewhere, George, all the time, and life and happiness. And I had to sit and knit stockings! All my hopes and wishes, I said to myself, must centre in this one little house. If I have lived at all till now, it was only the consciousness of that great longing that made me know it. So now you may turn me out if you like."

And he answers—

"I cannot, of course, recall my youth for your benefit. But never mind, yours, too, will gradually fade. Wishes will become less and less ardent. Longing will slumber. It is so, even with the happiest. And who knows that perhaps at last there mayn't be happiness even in our poky old corner."

The impression the piece leaves on the mind is that, moving as the drama has been, it has all been in vain. No problem has been solved; nothing is really altered in the course of this quiet, undemonstrative pair's existence. They will jog on much as they have done before. To-morrow it may begin all over again—the hopeless vegetating, the sweet, alluring dreams by the fireside or beneath the fragrant shade of the linden-trees—until another Von Röcknitz appears on the scene. This indefinite ending may be a fault, according to the exigencies of stage-traditions; but it heightens the effect of truthfulness to life. "Das Glück im Winkel" is, in fact, a "piece of life," presented with admirable art. It is instinct with all Sudermann's noble sincerity and directness of purpose. Never before has he displayed a more amazing insight into the character of woman.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

"THE MIKADO," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS JESSIE BOND AS PITTI-SING.

"Life is a joke that's just begun."

"THE MIKADO."

Two lustrums, as Sir Pinto Wanklyn would say—unless he used, more accurately, "lustra"—have gone by since London went mad over "The Mikado," and, unless diplomatic messages are received from Japan as to unworthy treatment of the high officials of the island, one may believe that even centuries may go by ere the world is weary of Mr. Gilbert's pungent wit and Sir Arthur Sullivan's dainty musical humour. In speaking of the revival, the curious mind is caught by the fact that the three present members of the old company have names beginning with B, Barrington, Bond, and Brandram: in 1885 there were two other B's, Braham and Bovill. In his book called "The Savoy Opera," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says that the original Yum-Yum was Miss Ulmar, and Pitti-Sing Miss A. Cole; but it seems clear that the manufacturer of the book had the wrong programme. Certainly the three B's remain, and are a delightful set of players—all fine comedians, and two of them charming vocalists. Luckily, too, there is little to regret anywhere in the cast. Were comparisons graceful, they could be drawn with a trifling balance in favour of the present. Consequently the older folk had no better performance than have the younger, and to-day or to-morrow you can see the brilliant play, and listen to the ever-youthful music, confidently feeling that Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Kenningham, Mr. Scott. Fishe, and Miss Emmie Owen equal, as a collection, their predecessors, while time has but ripened the powers of Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Miss Rosina Brandram. There is not a pleasanter entertainment in London than you can get at the Savoy.

Produced March 14, 1885.

Revived Nov. 6, 1895.

The Mikado ..	MR. RICHARD TEMPLE ..	MR. SCOTT FISHE.
Nanki-Poo ..	MR. DURWARD LELY ..	MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM.
Ko-Ko ..	MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH ..	MR. WALTER PASSMORE.
Pooh-Bah ..	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON ..	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
Pish-Tush ..	MR. FREDERIC BOVILL ..	MR. JONES HEWSON.
Yum-Yum ..	MISS LEONORA BRAHAM ..	MISS FLORENCE PERRY.
Pitti-Sing ..	MISS JESSIE BOND ..	MISS JESSIE BOND.
Peep-Bo ..	MISS SYBIL GREY ..	MISS EMMIE OWEN.
Katisha ..	MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM ..	MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.



PITTI-SING.

"I think you had better succumb."



NANKI-POO (MR. KENNINGHAM).

"A wandering minstrel I."



KATISHA (MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM).

"My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned."



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS KATISHA.

*"I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail."*



NANKI-POO.

"Here's a pretty mess!"



YUM-YUM.

"Art and nature thus allied, go to make a pretty bride."



PEEP-BO, PITTI-SING, YUM-YUM, NANKI-POO, AND PISH-TUSH
(MR. JONES HEWSON).



PEEP-BO AND YUM-YUM.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Helena, is now with the troops in Ashanti. The circumstance of a member of the royal family going on active service is sufficiently unusual to justify more than a passing reference to the young soldier who is now so eagerly looking forward to his "baptism of fire."

Prince Christian Victor is twenty-eight years old, and was educated first at Wellington and afterwards at Magdalen College, Oxford. He has always been an enthusiastic cricketer, and both at school and college he distinguished himself both as batsman and wicket-keeper. Such good form did he display in the latter capacity at Oxford that he came near finding a place in the University representative eleven. But Oxford was particularly strong in the field at that time, and the Prince, who has not a scrap of conceit about him, willingly gave way to a better, though not a more popular, wicket-keeper. It was at this time that I first met him at Magdalen College. His chosen friends all belonged to the class that are deservedly described as "good fellows." Probably most of them were more distinguished in the University athletic world than in the schools; but everyone did something well. Good-fellowship was the chief characteristic of the Prince's companions, and their amusements were wholly of the wholesome kind. They went for long walks, or watched the college crews practising on the river, or took stock of the "freshers" displaying their budding prowess in the football or cricket fields. In the evenings, after dinner in Hall, we generally assembled for pipes and music in somebody's rooms, and the Prince was almost invariably present, for he was fond of a pipe, was an excellent judge of music, and no mean performer on the violin. They were delightful days, the memory of which is kept alive by many warm friendships formed then, and surviving to this day.

There are no better hosts in this world than the undergrads at our Universities; and, when I endeavoured to make some slight return for the hospitality I received at Magdalen and elsewhere by giving musical evenings in my chambers in the Temple on such occasions as the University boat-race and the football and cricket matches, I had no more generally welcome guests than the "boys with blues," and, no less, the boys without them. Prince Christian Victor came many times, and I may mention one instance of the good-nature and freedom from personal "side" that always distinguished him. A few of my more intimate Magdalen friends were dining with me at the club, as a preliminary to the music, and, by a most unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, I, the host, was the last to arrive, being quite ten minutes late—a serious breach of etiquette under the circumstances. But no one was more good-humoured in his chaff on the subject than Prince Christian Victor. But he reproved me in kind some time afterwards; for, arriving in London from Germany, where he had been visiting the German Emperor, he telegraphed to me to dine *tête-à-tête* with him at eight at a certain hotel. On arriving there at one minute to the hour, I found the Prince waiting for me in the vestibule.

Ap.ropos of this dinner, I may, perhaps, relate a little incident. The telegram said "Wire reply," but there was no address; so I posted down to the office of origin, in the Buckingham Palace Road. I asked the gentleman behind the counter for his address of the sender of the telegram, which I handed to him. But he was busy narrating a story to a brother official, and dallied unduly with the telegram in his hand; so I repeated my request somewhat pressingly. He gave me a severe look, and, at his own good pleasure, went to get the required information. Presently he returned, and the change in his demeanour was remarkable. He saluted me with a bow, obsequiously informed me that the telegram came from Buckingham Palace, hurriedly got me a form, and, with his own hands, dipped his own special pen in the ink for my use, at the same time loudly commanding an understrapper to hand me the blotting-paper.

Another instance of the Prince's invariable good-humour occurs to me. At that time I was leader-writer on a daily paper, and was always up until the small hours, and consequently not a very early riser. One morning, at about eleven o'clock, I was roused by the entrance into my bedroom of the "gentleman with the coals," who, finding the oak unguarded by my ministering angel (one of the class known in the Temple as "laundresses," probably because they never wash), had tried round until he found me. I was exceeding wroth, and dismissed him with contumely. The next morning I was again roused, and, what was worse, by a walking-stick playfully inserted between my ribs. My sleepy indignation found free expression, until I heard the horrified voice of my laundress exclaiming outside the door, "Oh, sir, it's the Prince!" His Highness had suddenly resolved to go to a football match, and had paid me the compliment of an early call that I might go also.

Prince Christian Victor is now an officer in the King's Royal Rifles, and will assuredly make as good a soldier as he is a cricketer; for, whatever he attempts to do, he does thoroughly. That he will prove no "laggard in the art of war" is the opinion of all who have the pleasure of knowing him personally, and, as an officer, he is as popular as he was

as an undergraduate. I have heard many of his friends speak of him from this point of view or the other; and it is a fair testimony to his character that one and all invariably finished with the declaration, "and he's a real good chap!"

The Prince was particularly fond of football, and played the Rugby game very well. On several occasions, he and a few other Magdalen men lunched with me in the Temple, and then hurried off to see the game. Once an amusing little *contre-temps* occurred. Blackheath were playing London Scottish, and, during the interval, a member of the latter team, whom I knew very well, came to me where I stood, and remarked, "I hear that Prince Christian Victor is on the ground; do you know where he is?" It happened that the Prince was standing at my very elbow, and, just for the fun of the thing, I pointed to a rubicund youth with a white hat and a very glaring necktie, who was standing a little way off. "So that's the Prince!" cried my friend admiringly; "he decidedly takes after the Queen." This was too much for the gravity of the Prince, who burst into laughter; and I, not to carry the joke too far, forthwith presented my friend, who, for the moment, was considerably disconcerted by the incident, the like of which had, however, often happened to the Prince before. Soon after he had gone up to Magdalen, he was present at a big breakfast. A well-known rowing-man was also there, and during a lull in



PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

the conversation he said across the table to the captain of the Magdalen team, "Is young Prince Christian Victor really any good at footer?" There was a pause, and then a titter, and then a roar, in which no one joined more heartily than the subject of the remark.

Once, when we were hurrying to see a match, either the Prince or I—I forget which—got tickets for both, and it was always afterwards a jest between us that the debtor never paid up. Imaginary legal proceedings were conjured up, and the case of N. O. Pagan (as the Prince occasionally signed himself) *versus* Quilldriver was a standing joke between us.

Of course, the Oxford tradesmen were not long in discovering who their new customer was; and on one occasion one of them thought he was doing quite the courtly thing when he gravely informed the Prince that "he would be proud to have the honour of serving him, or, indeed, anyone connected with his royal grandmamma."

Professional and amateur cyclists alike join in praise unstinted of a new appliance quite recently put on the market. This is the lever chain invented by Mr. W. S. Simpson, after whom it is called—a chain which enables the rider adopting it to obtain a much higher rate of speed than is otherwise obtainable, without any extra exertion, the friction being reduced to a minimum. Ladies should most assuredly have it fitted to their cycles, for its use ensures an elegance of riding not to be secured without it. It can be fitted to any kind of machine at a very slight cost.



MISS MINNIE JEFFS, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BRADFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Spanish Exhibition at the New Gallery, just opened to the public, is altogether a solemn and serious affair. And nothing, to speak the truth, could more admirably illustrate just the character of Spanish art than this one fact. In Italy, as illustrated recently, both in its early



CAXTON AND THE FIRST PRINTING-PRESS.

A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW BY MAYER, OF MUNICH, PLACED IN STATIONERS' HALL.

Photo by S. B. Bolas.

and in its splendid Venetian phase, at the same gallery, all was bright, fresh, and, if the word be allowed, ideal. There was a summer sentiment over it all, a sentiment of sunshine and butterflies. At the new exhibition, the shadows of art face you with an ineffable sternness of realism; black within black, shadow within shadow, atmosphere within atmosphere, as the poet sings—

O thought within all thought that is—

these are rather the characteristics, the differentiating qualities, of the artists that appeal to you from the rocks, the rough hills, the fastnesses of Spain; and they form a welcome relief to the general monotony of exhibitions.

Velazquez, of course, is here to show the art of his country at its highest and broadest, to prove that a man can produce triumph after triumph of pure impressionism, and yet be so patently truthful that you see with his vision ever afterwards those things which you saw before without any vision at all worth considering. "Don Balthazar," lent from the Buckingham Palace Collection; "Mariana of Austria," from the Lyne-Stephens Collection; and the "Innocent X." from Apsley House, are all in their various styles (if not perfect in every respect) eminent examples of that wonderful master of original, yet true, outlook, and no less a master of brushwork. Velazquez had this gift, pre-eminent among painterly gifts, that he loved paint for the sake of paint; and in his expression of the truth as it faced his amazing sense of sight he used paint with endless delicacy, tact, and a sensitiveness for the intimate and inward qualities of his medium. He stands, in consequence, where he stands, although we suppose that outside the Prado one cannot really know the greatness, in its entirety, of this greatest of Spanish painters.

There are a good many examples of Murillo, that child who was content with prettiness, and preferred to win its guerdons rather than those of greatness. He reaped his reward in his popularity; for the world, as a rule, prefers prettiness to the inscrutable mysteries of great minds, and loves nothing so much as a Murillo beggar-boy sucking oranges or such a Murillo "Flower Girl" as hangs in the New Gallery. On the other hand, a portrait by this artist of "Don Andres de Andrade," despite a certain harshness, shows a power and a definite aim which we look for in vain among his more characteristic work. There are examples, too, of Greco, of Alonzo Cano, of Herrera—who was the master of Velazquez—and of more modern artists. All are distinguished by that peculiarly private and separate note which Spain, among all countries, sounded down the levels of art—individuality.

By the way, does "R. A. M. S.," whose admirable work on Velazquez has quite recently been published, know who first used the phrase of Velazquez that he was the "first great Impressionist"? It occurs in an essay by Mrs. Meynell, published three or four years ago, called "The Point of Honour." "Not without significance," she wrote, "is the Spanish nationality of Velazquez. In Spain was the Point put upon Honour; and Velazquez was the first Impressionist." Mrs. Meynell agrees with Mr. Stevenson in writing the name Velasquez.

We are glad to see in the columns of a contemporary a bold and outspoken complaint in defence and in honour of our greatest sculptor, Alfred Stevens. We all know that his great monument to the Duke of Wellington stands in St. Paul's Cathedral without the figures of the horse and its rider which were designed for its completion. It appears now that the "lion railing" in front of the British Museum has in large portion been recently taken down, though whether the removal is a permanent one or not is not known to the man in the street. "Although casts from these beautiful lions," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "are to be found almost in every museum in the world, although they have been used as decorations in places as far from London as Budapest and Rome, although they may be seen carved in wood in the South African mail-steamers and upon Atlantic liners, here in London the originals were, on Christmas Eve, being torn down by Government workmen."

It is frankly impossible to review within the compass of a paragraph all the art events of the past year. Standing on the threshold of the new year, we speed forward upon our way not more poorly or more richly equipped than at the opening of the past year. The Royal Academy, whose annual exhibition was neither better nor worse than any of its exhibitions during these twenty years, now boasts that its President is a Peer, an honour which is in every way worthy of the man and of the institution which he governs with so urbane and charming a grace. The New Gallery stands, like Scotland, where it did. The Fine Art Society is, perhaps, responsible for the greatest variety of entertainment we have had during the year, culminating in the magnificent show of Whistler's lithographs, which, with Mr. Dunthorne's exhibition of lithography at the Rembrandt Head, newly revealed to us the excellence of an old art. And other galleries and sensational sales have floated us onward to the point where, by a frail convention, we begin again.



A FAIRY WORLD.—JOSEPH CLARK.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

IN PARLIAMENT AND AFTER.

BY ALEXANDER GORDON.

"Friends," said the Parliamentary candidate, rising to a flight of noble eloquence, "friends and neighbours, I am proud to stand here and lay my views before you. We are face to face with serious problems, and our happiness depends on how we shall deal with them. No selfish object calls me to the work. It is the desire alone to be at the post of duty, fighting the battles of my country in the people's House of Commons, that has brought me to this platform." (Loud cheers, drowning a few cries of dissent.)

The nation was in the heat of a General Election, and the Highland district of Benrackit had its own share in the excitement. The candidate now speaking was the hero of the hour. Up to the present he had stood alone in the field. There had been some half-hearted talk of an opposition candidate—some whisperings in farm-kitchens and bothies, in village "smiddies" and market-places, that the Provost o' Avonbeg was screwing his courage up, and would yet, like a brave man, venture forth in defence of the cause of truth and right. But the Provost, unfortunately, had not the ghost of a chance against the champion already in the fray; and though the townsman was "a gey witless kin' o' a body," he had the sense to realise the hopelessness of any attempt, and to remain at home by his "ain hearthstane."

In the village school-room the candidate now held a meeting, and the little place was packed with an admiring throng. The Laird of Benrackit adorned the chair, on an improvised platform raised a foot from the level of the floor, and beside him in the place of honour were his daughter Ella and the Reverend Kenneth Maclure, the young minister o' the kirk. On the front benches a certain number of substantial farmers sat, accompanied by their womenkind, and behind these came the cottagers and peasants, with a sprinkling of their dames.

It was a cloudless, quiet evening in the very height of summer. The big windows were thrown open, and a pleasant scent came from the firs that grew at the back of the school-room. An occasional bird twittered its last note ere retiring to rest in the boughs, and the song served as a chorus to the Parliamentary candidate's impassioned periods. When he had exhausted all his topics, and his own breath as well, the speaker sat down amid another burst of approving cheers.

Then the heckling began, but this proved a very tame affair. The opposition side were without hope and without spirit, and they maintained a gloomy silence. Only two questions were put.

"Wull ye uphaud to the best o' your poo'er the rights and preevileges o' this auncient Scottish land?" asked a grey-headed man from a back part of the room.

"With all my heart," said the candidate, bowing very low.

"Wull ye fauvor a new brig bein' putt across the River Beg?" a peasant inquired in a gruff voice, and he got the somewhat vague reply that the matter was scarcely a Parliamentary one, but it should have the candidate's most careful consideration.

Then came a vote of confidence, carried with many "Hoorays," after which the meeting broke up.

A week later the candidate was member for the shire, and in due time he went his way to St. Stephen's up in "Lunnon." But every man in the Highland parish who had a head to think and an eye wherewith to scan the newspapers pursued with critical concern the doings of the new member. He was a tenant-farmer, well-to-do, a widower of fifty, and his friends believed that he knew more of matters agricultural than any man "tween John o' Groats and the Land's End." The problem was—what would he say and how would he act in the House of Commons?

On an autumn night, with a harvest-moon looking down on the "stooks" of yellow corn, Angus Macleay, the village "post," entered the "smiddy" at Craigfoot. "He's a brick, lads, I tell ye!" cried Angus, slapping with the back of his right hand a daily paper which he carried in his left.

The smith let the bellows rest for a moment, and a score of ears were ready to hear.

"Ay, he's made o' the true steel," Angus went on. "We can a' be prood o' oor M.P. He's made the loons sit up fine in the great Hoose o' the Commons. Jest hearken ye to this." And Angus began to read a report of the member's speech, with certain flattering compliments of which he had been the recipient from the Treasury Bench itself.

"Hooray!" cried a dozen lusty throats, and "Hooray!" cried Angus, swinging the paper above his head.

Then the bellows began to blow again, and conversation lagged for a time.

Willie McKie was the first to speak, and Willie was of the party that fain would have had some other M.P. "There's ambection in 't, freends," said he. "By that sin fell the angels, and by that sin wull your man fa'. Jest bide and see. I'm no meanin' ambection up in Parli'ment 'here, bit ambection here at hame. Ye ken what I mean. The blue e'en o' the Laird's dochter are mair to him than a' the praise he'll ever get, or than his countra's guid forby. He'll be far in wi' the

Laird noo, and see if he dinna spier the bonnie lassie's hand. Ye daurna deny he's been sweet on her for lang, lang's the day."

They did not deny it, and the best friends of the M.P. had their ardour somewhat chilled when they acknowledged again, as they oft had done before, that their favourite was lover before he was politician, and that much of his activity had been caused by a desire to ingratiate himself with the old Laird, to whom politics were dear as the very breath of life.

"Ay, he'll spier her sunc," was Willie's last word as he rose and took his leave.

Autumn had passed away, and the harvest moon had turned to a winter one, looking down from a cold but cloudless sky. The M.P. was at home now, and in his own country great had become his honour. Benrackit folk declared that the Laird would soon have a son-in-law. And the M.P. himself was of that opinion too. In secret, he had long loved Ella Muir, and, though he had never yet told his love, he had been unable to hide it from the keen-witted countrymen and countrywomen among whom he resided. In their opinion, the facts that he was "a cliver chiel," "graund at the tongue," "had a gey lang purse," and was "fit aneuch to be M.P.," could scarcely weigh against the further facts that he was a self-made man of mean birth, and on the score of age was quite unfitted to mate with Ella Muir. Hence this absurd love of his was, in the eyes of his constituents, a blot on the new member's scutecheon.

But the M.P. was in great glee as he drove along the frosty road. He had spoken in the House; he had well won his spurs, and could raise his head much higher than of yore. Ella had always been very kind, and he fondly thought she had a little place in her heart for him.

At the Lodge he was welcomed by the old Laird, his daughter, and the young minister, the Reverend Kenneth Maclure. The last-named he regarded with no friendly eye.

"By the way," said the Laird, in his cheery voice, and with a breezy laugh, when the first greetings were over, "there has been some love-making here since you went away. The minister has preached to some purpose, and has stolen away my bairn's heart. They talk of getting married, and, like an old fool, I am aiding and abetting."

At this abrupt deliverance the minister and Ella blushed a deepest red, but the M.P. turned deadly pale. Fortunately the Laird chuckled behind his handkerchief, and the eyes of the others saw nothing (so great was their confusion), and thus it happened that the sorry state of the M.P. was not observed at all.

He was a brave man, though, this self-made tenant-farmer, and even in the moment of his shame he was not going to be put down. He remembered the cheers that had greeted him in the crowded House of Commons, with the glowing things that had been said; and the tag of the old song—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more—

came to his relief. In his blandest voice and most gracious manner he bestowed his congratulations on the young minister and his affianced bride.

In due course the wedding took place, and, at a public dinner given by the Laird in honour of the event, the health of the happy pair was proposed by the M.P. On that occasion he stormed every heart. Wit, humour, and pleasantry set the table in a roar, and friends and foes alike were carried off their heads.

At "mirk midnight," when all was over, Willie McKie and some of his cronies went down the glen together. Willie's legs were a bit unsteady, but he managed to fight his way. "Haith, sirs," said he in a confidential key, "haith, sirs, he's a real birkie yon. I mean oor M.P. 'Twas a graund speech! And fine did he bear himsel'! When he was deene, though, and sat him doon, the tear was in his e'e; and nae wunder, freends, for his he'rt had lang been set on her. Fac' as death, if he stands again at neist election time, he'll hae my vote, were 't only for his pluck."

LOVE AND WAR.

"I wish I were a soldier brave!"
She cried, with flashing eye;
"Instead of being 'Fashion's slave,'
For Glory would I die."

"The dearest soldier you to me!"
He cried; "O Maiden arch!
If you my comrade would but be
Upon the 'Wedding March'!"

And now, no longer War doth reign;
Behold her sweet submission!
They march together Life's campaign,
With love for ammunition! *Puck.*



MISS ANNIE MILBURN, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE AVENUE THEATRE, SUNDERLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND

THE "VANITY FAIR" ALBUM.*

The new *Vanity Fair* Album is, in every respect, worthy of its predecessors. As "Jehu Junior," with no want either of dignity or of proper pride, remarks in his brief introduction, "There was need of preface twenty-seven years ago, when *Vanity Fair* was a



"OXFORD MODERN HISTORY" (MR. YORK POWELL).

From "*Vanity Fair*."

new thing and its wares unknown; but now, when *Vanity Fair* is known all the world over, that need is supplied by the wares themselves." For the most part, the caricatures are supplied by that admirable artist "Spy," whose genius for likeness, and whose amazing capacity for seizing the essential fact, and omitting the stray, avoidable detail, have long been proved to the world. It may be allowed, perhaps, that "Spy's" sense of colour at times inclines to hardness: his whites, as in the otherwise excellent portrait of Mr. August Manns, are a trifle too cold and emphatic, and his flesh is sometimes a little harsh and red. When, however, these details are corrected, as in the caricature of Count Paul Wolff Metternich, you have as subtle an artist in the lighter forms of portraiture as you could wish to know. A few of the portraits are contributed by other careful artists; and the letterpress is always eminently readable and—what so few personal accounts of men and their ways contrive to be—extremely accurate.

This is to speak of the volume individually, and as it lies separately before us. In considering its detail, we are bound to say that it, together with the volumes that have gone before, constitutes an almost invaluable compilation for any future historian who, having a sense of picturesque narrative, may desire to know just what manner of man filled the high places of England—whether in sport, in the Court, on the Bench, or in the leisurely life of a country gentleman—during this our century. The custom of dress, the fashion of gait, even the manner of casual pose, are here set out with all the greater fidelity because the accuracy is one of essence rather than of a casual and uncharacteristic occasion. With certain of his subjects "Spy" has allowed himself a

greater latitude of pure caricature than with others; his presentment of Mr. James Thompson, General Manager of the Caledonian Railway, for example, is nearly an exact portrait—the human being stands there before you. The artist's version of Mr. Barney Barnato, on the other hand, gives you the man in an eager and dramatic moment, where the purposeful exaggeration of a natural attitude has been pressed into efficient service. The variety is gratifying. Altogether the volume contains fifty portraits of these men of the time, who, if they cannot all claim to be considered as great men of all time, may nevertheless be suffered to rank in the general estimation as notable contemporaries.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN AS AN ILLUSTRATOR.

One looks closely, almost suspiciously, at the work of a man who tries his hand at two arts. In some distinguished cases, even, you get no farther than forgiving the practice of the one for the excellence of the other. But Mr. Laurence Housman has the double skill, undoubtedly, and a mere literary critic will be apt to say that on the literary side he is better endowed than on the artistic. I have a great admiration for the imagination in his pictorial work, but have always wondered whether the crudeness of his craftsmanship was intentional or merely the mark of a lack of skill. His "House of Joy," a book of fairy-tales, raises no such doubt. The imagination is here just as clearly proven as in his pictures, and there is no crudeness in the writing. He is particularly deft, on the contrary. As for the matter, it is worth all save quite the best poetry of to-day. His fancy is particularly subtle, and "The Prince with the Nine Sorrows," and a few others, prove his knowledge of human nature to be very exceptional. He uses this in fairy-subjects, but his fairy-stories, while remaining poetical and delightfully untouched by the dust of worldly life, are yet very pertinent to that life. He may flee the worldly because he dislikes it, but not because he is too weak to grapple with its meaning and with the sorrow of it. A fairy-tale book for grown people—it is that, for there is a shadow thrown by life on its pages. Its beauty and its subtlety have been to me a pleasant revelation of a power I had thought wholly dedicated in another direction.



"FORBIE" (MR. FORBES ROBERTSON).

From "*Vanity Fair*."



MISS MINNIE THURGATE, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT THE GRAND THEATRE, PLYMOUTH
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Before this year is many days old the advance guard of the Ashanti Expedition will have left Accra, Cape Coast Castle, and other stations on the Gold Coast behind, and have traversed a good portion of the one hundred and fifty miles or so of very difficult country that divides them from King Prempeh's capital. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the arduous nature of the preparatory work the authorities, military and civil, at the Gold Coast have already done. To clear the roads, which, in spite of all inducements, the native chiefs had neglected to keep open, and to transport food and all the military stores necessary for the troops, have taxed the strength of many experienced officials and thousands of native carriers for weeks past. As a consequence the present expedition is likely to meet with fewer delays and obstacles than that of two-and-twenty years ago, and the success of the operations will be very largely due to the officers who have organised and carried out these transport arrangements. How food, ammunition, and water

have to be carried from camp to camp on the heads of the natives will be seen from one of our illustrations. These carriers are composed mostly of natives of the Gold Coast and of neighbouring friendly tribes who have been induced or hired or compelled to lend their aid in this manner. The natives of the Gold Coast are said to be the handsomest of all the coloured tribes who inhabit the country around the Bight of Benin. The women are especially good-looking, comparatively, and the habit of

carrying loads on the head, in milkmaid fashion, gives them an erectness of carriage and a grace of movement which travellers praise very highly. They do not take over-kindly to work, though, the climate having the same depressing effect upon them as upon Europeans. To sit in their market-place under the shade of trees, and sell their palm-oil, or gold-dust, or india-rubber, suits them better. The local military forces are, therefore, composed of men like the Houssas, drawn from the interior, and differing considerably from the Gold Coast natives. There is, however, a local police force of a voluntary character there, numbering about five or six hundred. They are not quite so smart in dress or appearance as the Houssas, as may be readily seen.



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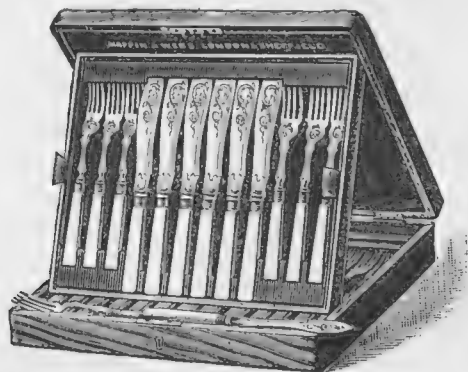
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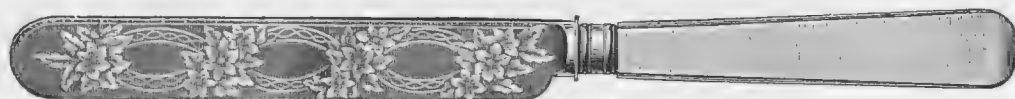
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Mr. G. Mellin,

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Crescent Villa, South Park, Reigate, Surrey, Aug. 29, 1895.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH OCHS.

MELLIN'S PAINTING COMPETITION.

The Exhibition of Painting Books sent in by prize winners and others at the recent Competition will take place on January 17 and 18 at the INTERNATIONAL HALL, Piccadilly Circus, London, W., next to Mellin's Pharmacy, 49, Regent Street. All applicants will receive a ticket of admission on receipt of private card and a stamped addressed envelope to "Competition Department,"

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Mr. G. Mellin,

Dear Sir,—I am sending you a photo of my daughter Elsie, who is 14 months old. At the age of 3 months she was a weak, sickly child, and her life was despaired of. Your Food was recommended, and we gave it to her, and she took it immediately, with great relish. The effect was truly magical, and I am thankful to say she has not had a day's illness since the time we first gave her Mellin's Food, for which I feel greatly indebted to you.

Yours faithfully,

ELLIS STANYON.

7, Middleton Buildings, Langham Street, London, W.,
August 22, 1895.

St. Barnabus' Home, Montpellier Crescent,
New Brighton, near Liverpool.

October 1, 1895.

Mr. G. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a photograph of the baby we wrote to you about last March. Perhaps you may remember that the child had been given up when we took her into our Home, as we supposed, to die. She has been fed on nothing but Mellin's Food, and is one of the many living testimonials to its merits.

Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE M. WHISHAW.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Quite a different complexion has been placed on the Leagues' Championship tables by the holiday football. I cannot remember a season where the ultimate destination of honours has been, at a corresponding date, so difficult to foresee. As far as the First Division is concerned, we thought we had grasped the situation when Derby County, by means of a brilliant victory at Sheffield over the Wednesday club, had forged to the front. But no; last week Derby went to Bolton, and fell by two goals to one; while, simultaneously, Everton had gone to Blackburn and performed no less sensationally, for their victory was a direct reversal of form, seeing that, a few weeks ago, the Rovers had won at Everton.

It only shows you how the form of teams varies week by week. Players are not machines. They, unlike Tennyson's brook, have a finality. Nobody will deny that, on present form, Everton is the finest combination of footballers in the country. But it would be regrettable that, therefore, they should win the championship. We should all like to see the championship go to the team which has displayed the most consistent form. We look upon the League as the best gauge to ability possible. Any team, it stands to reason, can win the English Cup with a little luck. But a side, to secure the League Championship, has undoubtedly earned it by clear superiority over its contemporaries.

There is no doubt that Derby County have shown the finest form during the season. There is another reason why Derby's success would be immensely popular. Last year the club was in a deplorable state. Fate helped them to avoid necessary expulsion from the First Division. The Derby team, which is doing so well now, is practically the identical combination which kept on repeatedly failing in 1894-5. Compared to other clubs, Derby pay their professionals but moderately, and it is therefore a credit to professionalism generally that the Derby men should be displaying such enthusiasm, irrespective of such tawdry considerations as salary and bonuses.

The position in the Second Division is as puzzling as in the First. Combined, they make a magnificent problem. The issue, of course, still rests between Liverpool, Manchester City, and the Burton Wanderers—that is to say, so far as paper form is concerned. But it is not difficult to read now the writing on the wall. To use a nautical phrase, Manchester are hanging out signals of distress, whereas, still sticking to the metaphor, Liverpool are coming with a wet sail, and the Burton Wanderers seem to be in very calm water.

I am still inclined to the opinion that the Burton Wanderers will ultimately prove successful; but, of course, with so many fluctuations in progress, no man can conscientiously speak with confidence. Like Derby County, the Wanderers have had a very consistent time of it, especially away from home, where the real test comes. Liverpool, by the way, have just had transferred to them Henry Storer, ex-goal-keeper to the Woolwich Arsenal F.C.

The Corinthians have not had a hugely successful tour, and their inability to win the match against Queen's Park—the one game they pay most heed to—must have proved a terrible disappointment. As I have frequently pointed out, the Corinthians are palpably weak forward this season, and the chief failing is the absence of the heavy men. A light Corinthian vanguard may be clever and tricky, and even speedy, but it cannot produce as many goals as could such a line as, say, for instance, Brann, Gosling, Cotterill, Veitch, and Sandilands. The Queen's Park match ended in a draw, and the Sunderland game was also drawn; but Middlesborough, who had drawn at the Queen's Club, now went down by seven goals to one.

Among the holiday tourists the Fettesian-Lorettonians, as usual, occupied a front position. It was something of a novelty to see the Scottish schoolmen in London, where they have not played since, if I remember well, some twelve years back. What a change time has wrought, to be sure! The back division is still very powerful, but the forwards are as weak as mutton. A good many of them had seen their best days long ago, and were blowing like grampuses soon after the commencement. The Richmond match the Fettesian-Lorettonians won, but against Blackheath they were fairly run off their legs, and lost by the heavy margin of 2 goals and 4 tries to nil. It was not a particularly grand sight to see such a light of other days as A. R. Don Wauchope come out to dispel the halo which had settled round his name. He is, of course, a comparatively old man now, and was quite out of condition.

GOLF.

Golf is running fishing very close in one peculiar respect. What will be thought of the following experience which happened to the secretary of a Maritzburg (S. A.) golf club recently? He was playing on the Park links with another gentleman when a baboon came on the scene, and, following the players, amused itself by playing with a dog belonging to one of the golfers. Coming up from the teeing ground, near Sir John Robinson's residence, the secretary in question made a magnificent drive over the quarry. The baboon snatched up the ball and darted with it to the next hole. The secretary went chasing the animal, which kept dodging about. At last, losing its temper, it threw the ball back towards the teeing ground, from which it had been driven. We are dying to make the acquaintance of that baboon, to say nothing of the reporter of this curious incident.

Good old Tom Morris, towards whose testimonial-fund, I am glad to

see, the Royal Dublin Club has just voted a sum of ten guineas, came up to London the other day to give sittings to Messrs. Dickinson and Foster for a life-size portrait.

Here are some fixtures for next week—

- Jan. 10—Bury Golf Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 11—Ranelagh Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 11—Cumbrae Golf Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 11—Southport Golf Club: Monthly Competition.
- " 11—Timperley Golf Club: Monthly Competition for the Roylance Prize.
- " 11—Trafford Golf Club: Monthly Medal.
- " 11—North Manchester Club: Mr. William Craven's Gold Medal.

CYCLING.

In view of the diversity of opinion on the taxation of cycles in England, it will be interesting to learn that wheelmen in Tacoma, Washington, have petitioned the City Council to impose a tax of four shillings a-year on bicycles. It is desired to devote the sum thus raised to the laying out and maintenance of a certain road in the city as a bicycle-path. It is a very pretty request. The City Council are scarcely likely to object. Mrs. Lynn Lynton has just been giving her opinion on a national sport. She considers cycling a work of penance rather than of pleasure. It would be interesting now to know what the myriad disciples of the wheel think of Mrs. Lynn Lynton.

It is intended by the Bath Road Club to hold a big smoker at the St. James's Restaurant some time in February. The Bath Road Cinderellas are among the leading events in the social cycling season. The next one has been fixed for to-morrow week, to be held at the Westminster Town Hall. Applications for tickets should be addressed to Mr. R. Trevor, 48, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

The New York and South Durham centre are to hold their annual dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Stockton, on Feb. 23 next.

Here is a cycle on an entirely new principle. It has only one wheel, without spokes, and, for lightness and simplicity of construction, it is unrivalled. The rider is suspended below gravity, and maintains a level



A NOVEL CYCLE.

Photo by Cowell, North Road, Walthamstow.

seat, whatever the grade or speed. The power is applied by the simple action of a spring attached to the treadles. This cycle is patented, and will be in the market the beginning of the New Year.

CRICKET.

It came in the nature of a shock to confident Englishmen when Lord Hawke's team, touring in the Cape of Good Hope, sustained unmistakable reverses in their opening matches. In the first case the defeat was at the hands of a fifteen, and, if that was in some measure excusable, to go down as the Englishmen did before a common or garden eleven was surely unexpected.

I gave it as my opinion a week or so ago that Lord Hawke's combination would prove far too strong for any opposition they were likely to meet. In truth, why should it not be so? Lord Hawke's team is at least the equal of any county side in England. It is a long way superior to many of them. We must, therefore, look for excuses. It is only natural that a team, stepping practically from the ship to the cricket-field, should feel somewhat off colour. As everyone knows, cricketers, to be successful, have to be trained to the hour. It is not merely physical strength that is

required. They should be in the pink of condition mentally and bodily. A man suffering from indigestion, say, could not possibly do himself justice in important cricket. The change of climate may also have had an important bearing, to say nothing of the difficulties of playing on cocoanut matting.

One thing is well evident, and that is that our African friends must have improved almost beyond recognition. One can easily see the English influence here. The leading scorers—and, in fact, the men most successful against Lord Hawke's combination—are English county cricketers wintering—or should it be said summering?—at the Cape. One of the most prominent of them was F. E. Smith, the young Surreyite. It only bears out my contention in regard to conditions, for Smith had by no means a brilliant season here in 1895.

Of course, I don't suppose for one moment that such a powerful combination as has gone over is destined to experience a disastrous time. Those early failures should have the effect of stimulating the Englishmen into showing their best form. Already the tremendous Sammy Woods is giving the Capers a taste of his quality. While the Englishmen were collapsing like a pricked balloon, the Somerset captain laid about him just in the old sweet way. There is no mistake about it, Woods has got a heart of abnormal size. The more desperate the situation, the more valiant become his efforts. Who will forget that memorable Varsity match when Cambridge, with not many runs to get, were failing pitifully before G. H. Berkeley? His side were in a very delicate state when Woods came out. The Australian giant made no bones about it. He smote the first ball he got clean among the people, and placed the issue beyond doubt. Again, who will forget his magnificent batting in Somerset's last two matches at the Oval? The fact of men, admittedly better batsmen than himself, failing seems to have an opposite effect on Woods. I know for a fact that Woods is one of the last men our best bowlers care to face.

It is too early yet to criticise Lord Hawke's team, but at present the failing seems to be in the bowling. Lohmann accomplished a marvellous performance in the first match, but somehow or another his colleagues did not meet with the success we looked for against African batting. Hayward is scoring pretty consistently, but most of the others are proving erratic. I should not be in the least surprised to see the team come out at any time with a tremendous performance. Surely Hewett will not be long in showing the African how quickly centuries can be made when one only sets his mind to it!

PIG-STICKING.

Pig-sticking, happily unknown in this country, is familiar in India. The Gujerat Challenge Cup was won last year by Mr. Falconer L. Wallace, upon Phoenix. Mr. Wallace had only been in India for the short period of six months when he had the good fortune to win this cup, and his



achievement must surely rank as a record. It is a magnificent specimen of art silver-work—the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb—and is valued at a thousand rupees. It is beautifully chased and fluted, with perfectly moulded panels in bas-relief on each side illustrative of the sport, and stands upon a plinth.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The huge staff of clerks employed by Messrs. Weatherby have been busily engaged preparing the Spring entries for publication, and Nomination Week is to them just about the same as the first week in the New Year is to bank clerks. And that reminds me that Messrs. Weatherby act as bankers to owners, jockeys, and racing officials; and they have to keep hundreds of accounts, exactly as they are kept in banks, except that they have a lot more entries to make, as the debiting of one account means the crediting of another. Messrs. Weatherby have a big pull over the banks, in one respect—I refer to the Forfeit List, under which they can prevent any man from engaging in the Sport of Kings who has failed to meet his obligations in the shape of entry-fees, &c.

The last meeting at Wye was not a big success, but I hope better luck will attend future fixtures at this picturesque enclosure. Wye is the only race-meeting in Kent, and the only one on the South-Eastern Railway service. The General Manager of the Wye Meeting is Mr. George Kennett, whose features will be quite familiar to all racegoers. The course was started about twenty years ago by Mr. Kennett, and some interesting race-meetings and coursing-meetings have been held there since its inception. The course is well served by the railway company, cheap trains being run from London, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and elsewhere. The meetings are favoured by the locals, and when Mr. Kennett starts the Wye Club, as he should do, the Upper Ten will patronise the place in large numbers, as well as owners and bookmakers. Mr. Kennett is a fine-looking man of soldierly bearing. He is often seen at the South Country meetings canvassing for entries for his meetings. Wye is a lovely place, but, of course, it would do a deal better than it does if it were situated nearer the Metropolis. Coursing, unfortunately, has not thrived in the South of England of late, though I am glad to hear that many of the big owners have their kennels full of young and promising greyhounds; so that Wye may participate in the good times coming for managers of coursing-meetings.



MR. GEORGE KENNETT.
Photo by Collis, Canterbury.

Some of the critics object to the small value of some of the stakes given under the National Hunt Rules, and contend that no race should be worth less than one hundred pounds to the winner. This would not improve sport a little bit, while it would wipe all the little meetings off the list. What I want to see is a rule passed under which any horse entered for a Selling Race could be claimed before the start by any other owner having an animal entered in the same race. This would give owners of bad horses a chance of winning races. Now all they can hope to do is to get second and divide the profits on the buying-in price of the winner.

The re-arranging of handicappers under the new rule is already leading to unpleasantness, and an attempt is being made by certain individuals to get the lion's share of the work. A well-known weight-adjuster only last week ventured to me the opinion that all overnight handicaps ought to be done away with. I am afraid Clerks of Courses, up North especially, would not agree to this. I consider that these handicaps should in all cases be framed by someone on the spot; not for the entries to be telegraphed to the handicapper and he to telegraph back the weights, as is often done.

Mr. Coventry is, I consider, a model starter. It is a real treat to see him dealing with a fractious horse at the post. He often takes the reins and leads him towards the line, and then, when all are level, he drops the red flag. He does not holloa and frighten nervous jockeys and fractious young horses, and I have often seen him turn back when on his way to the post, and give a lead to any fractious animal that, say, a young jockey would not otherwise be able to make budge an inch. Mr. Coventry may hesitate in dropping the flag occasionally, but he always endeavours to do justice to all.

The entries for some of the Spring Handicaps will become public property on Thursday. We have had an open winter so far, and, if frost and snow do not intervene, good fields should be seen out at Lincoln on March 23 and following days. Speculators must this year remember that the handicappers are changed, and it may be that winners will not easily be found early in the season. The mention of handicappers reminds me of a plan adopted in framing the handicap for the Grand National, which might well be followed in other quarters with advantage. Three gentlemen make handicaps, and these are compared, and the actual official one is really the pick of the three.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE
TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Corpulent people will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. The author of this pamphlet guarantees a reduction in weight in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. The author advises his readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because they ought to know. On sending cost of postage (sixpence) a book "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed

for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs sixpence, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCY.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion," column of a London Sunday newspaper, with a large circulation:—"Miserable.—A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe, by sending sixpence in stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follows his instructions,

"Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY
OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging affirm in the pages of society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and, no doubt, it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to indicate that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary, in these days of competition, to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.



By Special Appointment
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

Dr.
REDWOOD,
Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.,
Professor of
Chemistry and Pharmacy.

"My analytical and practical experience of Pears' Soap now extends over nearly 50 years, during which time I have never come across another TOILET SOAP which so closely realises my ideal of perfection."

EVERY TABLET OF

Pears' soap

is kept at least twelve months before it is sold. This can be said of no other Soap in the world, and good soap, like good wine, improves with age.

You may keep PEARS' SOAP for twenty years in any climate, and it will never shrink. Every tablet will retain its original shape, and every ball remain a perfect sphere—proof positive that there is no shrinkage, and that they are old and well matured.



By Special Appointment
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE
OF WALES.

Prof.
**Sir ERASMUS
WILSON,**
F.R.S.,

Late President of the
Royal College of Surgeons,
England.

"PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."

ARTIFICIAL PERFUMES CAUTION!

Messrs. J. & E. ATKINSON warn their customers against the Artificial Chemical Perfumes at present so extensively offered. Though strong they are *nauseous*, and from a hygienic point of view their use is to be strongly deprecated.

ATKINSON'S 'NATURAL' PERFUMES are made from flowers, and possess all their natural fresh sweetness. They cannot be surpassed either in delicacy or strength.

ATKINSON'S "WHITE ROSE,"
"A charming Scent."—H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

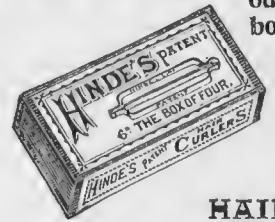
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MONDAY, JAN. 6 to 11, of all
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11 & 12, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY.

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CATARRH CURE
SMELLING BOTTLE.
Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous
Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever
and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best
remedy for Faintness and Dizziness.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price ONE SHILLING.
Post Free 15 stamps, from
MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.
Refuse worthless imitations.

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Court Dressmakers,

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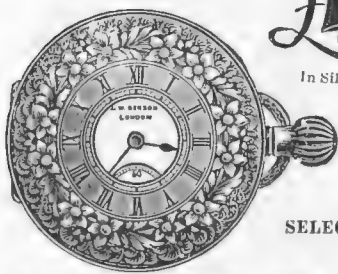
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Lined Silk, with Material for Bodice.

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GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN LADIES' WATCHES. REDUCED PRICES.

In 18-carat Gold Cases.

BENSON'S
"SPECIAL MAKE." KEYLESS LEVER



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Is now made with SECONDS DIAL AND GOLD
INNER CASES, Three-Quarter Plate LEVER
Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled
throughout, keyless action. Superior for
strength and time-keeping to all other
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The Cases are 18-carat Gold, either Hunting,
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Only Warrant Holder in City of London.
Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL.

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PETER ROBINSON

WINTER SALE

THIS DAY AND DAILY.

Continuing till End of January.

SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS
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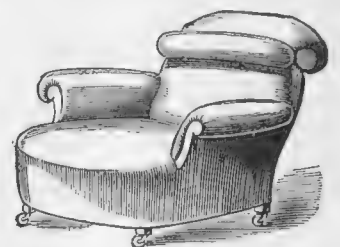
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESSES IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The event of this week, from a theatrical point of view, is undoubtedly the setting forth at the St. James's of the romantic history of "The Prisoner of Zenda," whose name will be in everybody's mouth to-day, as this much-discussed person was only introduced to the English public last night—Tuesday. The dresses play a very important part in the production, and are eminently up-to-date examples of the new *modes*, and so I am particularly pleased to be able, on the day following the production, to give you full, illustrated details of their charms.

And for this I—and you—have to thank Mr. George Alexander for the special facilities of an early private view.

The tale of the gowns being a long one, we must dispense with a prologue, and plunge straight into the glories of the second act, where, at the Winter Palace at Strelsau, there are displayed for our edification some wonderfully beautiful Court-gowns, which should afford inspiration to some of you for the next Drawing-Room. You certainly could not excel them in richness of fabric and perfection of detail.

First and foremost, there is Princess Flavia of the wonderful hair—Miss Evelyn Millard, to wit—with a Court-train of glistening silver brocade, on which several gracefully grouped clusters of purest white ostrich feathers are caught together with loops and bows of satin ribbon, while underneath, at the sides, there are trails of white roses, of which you get an occasional glimpse. The corsage and petticoat, of white satin, are veiled with white lisse glittering with innumerable lines of silver sequins, and falling straight from the square *décolletage* to the hem, where it is cut in points, and bordered with crystal and silver fringe, a slight drapery of this same lovely fabric forming the sleeves. The effect is wonderfully beautiful, especially when you add a high crown of diamonds, from which depends the orthodox veil, while the Princess carries a bouquet of white roses.

Her two little train-bearers—pretty, fair-haired children—wear white satin frocks, the net-covered yokes embroidered with silver sequins and pearls, and their little, close-fitting caps being embroidered to match, while two maids of honour are also in attendance. One has a train of Pompadour brocade, the white silk ground striped with satin, and patterned with sprays of violets and little yellow flowers, while the white satin skirt and bodice are covered with white tulle, caught here and there with bunches of dark-hued violets and feathery yellow mimosa. The second dress is made in exactly the same way and of the same materials, but the flowers used are pink roses.

Then there is Miss Olga Brandon, with a train of white moiré, made beautiful with a *chiné* design of tender-grey roses, with a touch of yellow in the centre, each rose bouquet being surrounded by vividly green leaves and feathery foliage in a faint shade of mauve. This delicate beauty of colouring is thrown up to wonderful advantage by a lining of brilliant orange-coloured satin; and the dress itself is of white satin, the waist encircled by a broad band of gold tissue, thickly studded with jewels, and the skirt trimmed with four broad tabs of orange velvet, with jewelled insertions and fringe, while three bows of green and orange ribbon, from which rise clusters of tender grey-green poppies, with diamond and pearl centres, are wonderfully *chic*. There is some beautiful lace introduced both on the bodice and the skirt, and Miss Brandon—with all the other ladies—wears a diamond tiara and ornaments, and carries a great bouquet.

A dress of satin in a lovely shade of wild-rose pink has a pointed rever, embroidered with pearls and gold sequins at the right side of the bodice, while the left is occupied by a soft mass of ostrich feathers, the shoulders being crossed by a ruffling of chiffon and little ostrich-tips, and the sleeve-puffs falling far beneath. The train is of mirror velvet, with ostrich-plumes and satin ribbon bows and loops. Another train, of tea-rose yellow satin, brocaded with waved lines in a somewhat deeper tone, has two pointed panels of mauve mirror velvet let in at the end, while above them trails a great spray of exquisite orchids, shading from palest yellow to violet. The dress is of yellow satin, the bodice embroidered with mauve and gold paillettes, while a spray of orchids and a band of embroidery do duty as the respective shoulder-straps. One of the most effective dresses is in that always telling combination, black and white—the material being white satin, while the left side of the train is

adorned with vandykes of black lace, and an embroidery of pearls and crystal, to which are added bows of white satin ribbon and groups of black ostrich feathers. And, with all this, the right side is left absolutely plain; but, in the case of the skirt, everything is made fair by the opposite course being taken, and the left side allowed to be unadorned, while the trimming is concentrated on the right. It consists of a broad band of black net, patterned with an appliqué of white lace and an embroidery of steel sequins, bordered with a vandyked flounce of white net edged with black lace, each little pleat being outlined with pearls and crystals. This flounce starts just below the waist on the right side with a plume of feathers and a satin bow, and then sweeps down to the centre of the skirt, where it is finished at the foot in the same way. The bodice is draped with the appliqué net, and trimmed with feathers, while the quaint sleeves, which form a pointed frill, are—as is also the train—lined with white silk striped broadly with black satin. The effect is wonderfully good. There is a delightful bit of colouring, too, in a train

of white silk with broad stripes of leaf-green satin, and, for trimming, huge bunches of white roses, tied with satin ribbon, while now and again a glimmer of the lining of delicate wild-rose pink adds another stroke to the picture. This train is fastened at each shoulder with square diamond clasps; in fact, diamonds are used in most lavish fashion throughout.

The front of a rose-pink satin dress is a perfect marvel of embroidery in pearls and gold paillettes, studded with huge gold cabochons and interspersed with an appliqué of old lace. This is worn with a train of exquisite golden-brown velvet draped with a cascade of beautiful old lace, and with long trails of velvet-petalled nasturtiums, shading through crimson, yellow, and black, and tied with bows of forget-me-not blue satin ribbon. Next to this for effect, I would place a train of the richest black silk, embroidered with bunches of field-flowers—vividly red poppies and blue corn-flowers, green grasses and golden-eared corn—and lined with pale-mauve satin, the skirt and bodice being in a darker shade of the same colour, and trimmed with bows of ribbon (shading from palest mauve to deepest violet) and draperies of lace. This dress is, of course, destined for one of the elder ladies of the Court; and it well fulfils its mission, of being dignified and handsome, and effective withal.

And still these are not all; but, for the realisation of the full beauty of these to which I have hurriedly introduced you, and a first view of those others which I have had to leave out in the cold, let me advise a personal visit to the St. James's, with the rest of the world and his wife.

But now to go back to the Princess Flavia and her second dress, which is a simple but lovely garment of soft, rich, white corded silk, a fichu of white lisse being drawn round the shoulders and fastened at each side, in

front, with little diamond buckles, the long ends, with their appliqué of yellowish lace, being then allowed to escape and fall far down the skirt. The bodice, with its soft, full front of lisse, with insertion of lace and a powdering of silver sequins, is drawn into a deep, draped waistband of the silk, and the elbow-sleeves are veiled with lisse, on which, here and there, is a single flower in the lace appliqué. Then, at the hem of the plain skirt is a narrow band of dark fur, which gives just the necessary relief to the pure whiteness of this exceedingly lovely gown. But I fell still more hopelessly in love with Princess Flavia's cloak, a regally lovely garment of white moiré bengaline, held in at the back with a deep band of gold tissue, studded with pearls and turquoises, while the loose fronts are bordered with golden otter. The huge sleeves are finished with gold cuffs and a touch of fur, and at the back, beneath a high collar of the fur, there is a hood of lovely lace, which is drawn over the shoulders and fastened with a rosette of the silk, in which gleams a diamond button. You can imagine, perhaps, how lovely Miss Millard looks in this white attire and with her wonderful red-gold hair.

Still there remain to be chronicled a magnificent cloak—for Miss Olga Brandon—of gold-coloured satin, embroidered with Oriental richness, and having sleeves of turquoise-blue velvet, and two walking-



PRINCESS FLAVIA'S COURT-GOWN IN ACT II.

costumes for Miss Lily Hanbury. One is of royal-blue velvet, the skirt plain, and the Louis coat-bodice opening over a vest of white satin, embroidered with tiny bouquets of red and yellow roses, and glittering with lines of gold and silver sequins, while a ruffling of yellow chiffon passes down the centre. There are revers of deep-yellow velvet, sewn with radiating lines of gold and jet, and with a scalloped appliqué border of white satin, veiled with black net, and embroidered with tiny paillettes, to say nothing of six beautiful enamel buttons set in gold and cut-steel, and a collar of yellow chiffon with bow-ends of velvet at the back, while the accompanying toque is of velvet, the trimming reproducing all the colours of the dress.

The second costume is of glacé silk in the mauve of a Neapolitan violet, the bodice arranged with black lisse, on which a floral appliqué of mellow-tinted lace divides the honours with a shower of mauve paillettes, the costume being completed by a black picture-hat.

So, as you can see, Mr. Alexander has been mindful of the feminine portion of his audiences, and provided them with a perfect feast of gowns, quite apart from the glories of his own kingly attire, which, as displayed by him, are, I must admit, calculated to divert your attention even from those Court-trains.

A NOTABLE SALE.

I told you last week that I had fallen a victim to the sale fever; but, since then, my malady has assumed alarming proportions, a fact which must be laid at the door of Kate Reily—or rather the doors, for both 11 and 12, Dover Street, bear that name, which is the equivalent of all that is smartest and most *chic* in the way of dress.

For even Kate Reily's creations have fallen under the thrall of the Sale Queen, through whose thrice-blessed intervention they have been brought down within easy grasp of longing hands, which would otherwise have been held back by the iron grip of a small dress-allowance. But now all things are possible to the wise folks who go off post-haste to Dover Street, for the six-days' sale comes to an end on Saturday, and your golden chance is over then.

Let me try to make you realise something of what awaits you—an evening-bodice, for instance, of tender-pink silk, cut square in front and draped in some mysterious and beautiful way into three rosettes fastened with little diamond buckles, while at the back rises a high collar (belonging to the Medici family), which is veiled with yellowish lace, and therefore forms a most becoming background for face and neck; the elbow-sleeves are softened with frills of black chiffon edged with lace. And then turn quickly (for you must not lose your heart entirely yet) to a gown of exquisite grey moiré velvet, which in certain lights has a touch of rosy pink on its silvery surface. Round the foot of the skirt goes a narrow band of Persian lamb, piped with old-rose satin, and finished with a tiny appliqué of string-coloured lace, the same effective trimming being used on the bodice. Then there is a plain, full skirt of blue and green shot glacé, wedded to a bodice which boasts of sleeves of dark-blue satin, with a raised design in velvet in wonderful tones of green, blue, crimson, and gold, the same lovely fabric forming the drapery in front, a drapery which it is an absolute impossibility to describe in any mere words. The sides of the bodice are of the glacé, and there is a brilliant touch of colour introduced, in the shape of a collar of vivid crimson velvet, softened with an edging of lace.

How happy could any of us be with any one of these most desirable gowns! And still I will make your choice more difficult by tempting you to go and look upon the reality of an evening-gown, which has a skirt of white mirror moiré, and a draped bodice of white corded silk, patterned with a chiné design of tender-hued flowers—yellow, pink, green, and blue—with raised flecks of white velvet. At the right side of the *décolletage* a bunch of purple poppies has been fastened with the apparent carelessness of art, and then against the neck comes a ruffling of green chiffon, which appears as a finish to the puffed elbow-sleeves.

Next in this panorama of fashion comes a gown of pink and yellow shot glacé, with a wee fancy stripe in black and white, the sleeves composed of cloudy folds of chiffon, and the skirt having cascaded side-panels of chiffon edged with gold and pearl galon, while on the bodice there are revers, which are simply a mass of gold sequins, studded with

pearls, their glory softened by a fall of exquisite lace. And as this vision of loveliness fades away, there grows before you, in its place, a bodice of folded white satin, veiled with the palest green chiffon, an effect being secured in the front by double frills of lace, which taper to a point at the waist. Two glittering butterflies, with steel and gold wings, on which an emerald gleams out here and there, have alighted on the white chiffon sleeves; and then the most original and effective touch of all is given by an upstanding double fold of Pompadour silk, which crosses the *décolletage*, and where vividly blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, and green leaves are patterned on a white ground, the skirt, which is gathered all round, being of this same silk.

Can you possibly stay to read any more before rushing off to Dover Street? If so, I can tell you the tale of a cape of emerald-green velvet, its two frills lined with white satin, and with a great, deep collar of the finest Russian sable, while green chiffon and velvet combine together to form the collar; or, if you prefer a coat, and particularly a caracule coat, there is one which has the fulness of the back gathered into a narrow

waistband of black satin, which, in its turn, is caught by a buckle of green enamel, set with diamonds, while the loose front is fastened at the left side near the neck with three buttons to match. There is a sable collar, and the loveliest lining imaginable—pink satin, brocaded with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley.

I must also commend to your special notice a green cloth coat, short of basque at the back, but cut with long, pointed fronts, which is made notable by revers of sable, the tails forming a sort of jabot in front. The buttons, too, are things of beauty—mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold; and the only thing necessary to complete the happiness of the fortunate possessor of either of these coats would be a muff, in the one case, of caracule, very large and flat, and lined with pink brocade, and, in the other, of sable, huge as to size, but narrowing somewhat towards the top, where it is finished with a row of little tails. A cape which is a materialised vision of spring—but I shall decline to tell you about it, or about any of the other exquisite garments which find a fitting home in those lovely salons. You must pay them a personal call, one and all of you, for, on an occasion such as this, every woman is expected to do her duty—every woman, that is, who is possessed by the natural feminine instinct, to promptly acquire for her own adornment the smartest and prettiest of clothes at the lowest possible prices.

And Kate Reily's sale prices are calculated to give you a most pleasant surprise.

But all the fascination of these exquisite garments must not make you oblivious to the sober realities of everyday necessities, and so you had better collect your straying thoughts, and concentrate them on Messrs. Walpole's treasure-house of linen at 89, New Bond Street, for there also a sale is in progress, and the reductions in price

are calculated to make the hearts of careful housewives rejoice greatly. I can picture them revelling in hemmed linen sheets at 9s. 9d. a pair, gloating over linen pillow-cases at 10½d. each, and taking to their hearts and their linen-chests the snowiest and finest of damask dinner-napkins, reduced from 19s. 6d. to thirteen shillings a dozen, and table-cloths to match, which are marked down from ten shillings to 6s. 10d. each.

And at Walpole's you always know that you are getting the very best of everything. So I should suggest that the next post carries off a post-card to 89, New Bond Street, asking for one of the special sale price-lists, together with a complete set of patterns. After this, you can, if you will, go in person to this "record" sale, to conduct your purchases, either to the Bond Street house, or to 102, Kensington High Street, while, if any of you are resident in Birmingham, you must know 45 and 47, Corporation Street. Therefore, I leave the brides-elect among you to conduct their purchase of linen on the most economical principles, while old-established housewives can replenish their store without making heavy inroads on their purses, and everyone can indulge in some of the firm's famous cambric handkerchiefs.

FLORENCE.



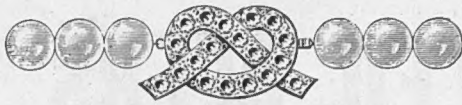
MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS PRINCESS FLAVIA.

America will have to look to its laurels. The stories from Mentone are growing. The latest report concerns a cyclo hurdy-gurdy. The next thing probably will be a pneumatic handle-turner.

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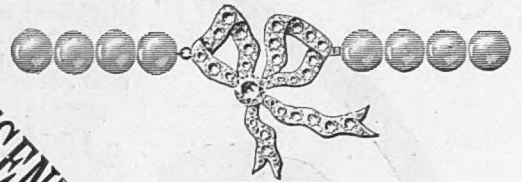


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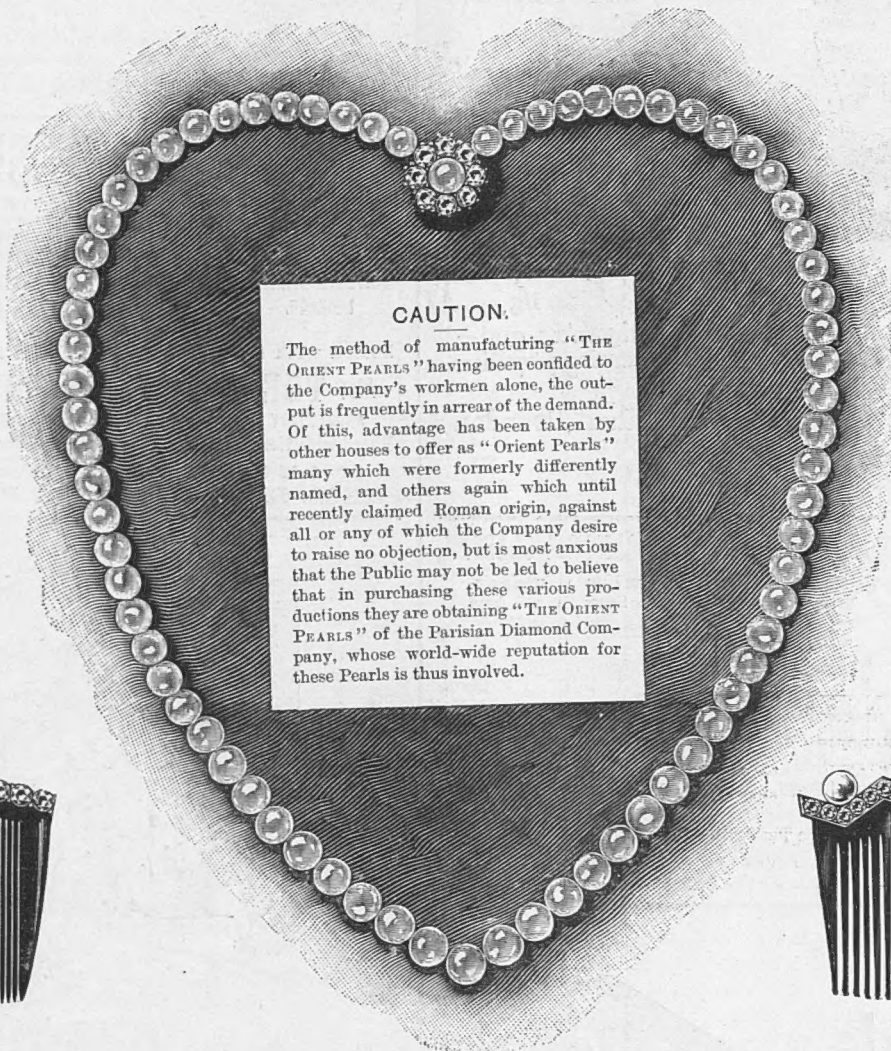
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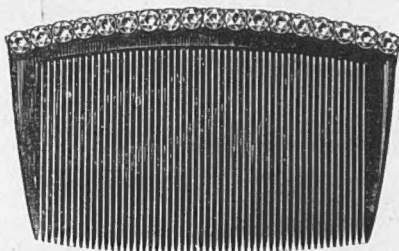


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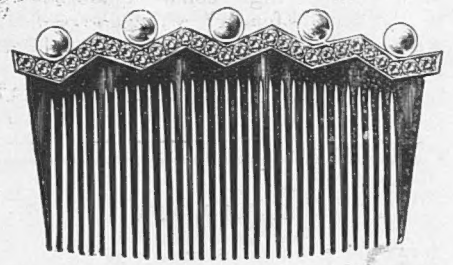
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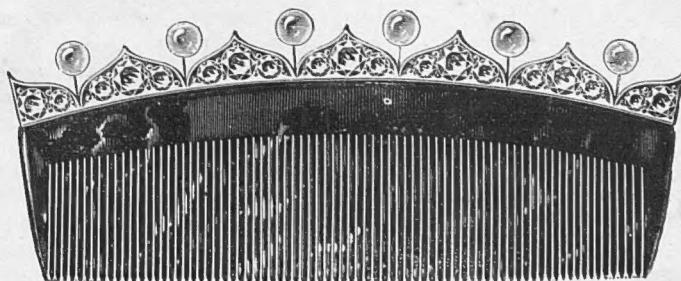
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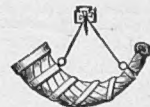
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The Illustrated Courrier Français (conducted by Jules Roques), which contains ten pages of Drawings in each number, is the most artistic of the French illustrated papers. Subscriptions are received at the Offices of the Paper, 19, RUE DES BONS ENFANTS, PARIS, the cost of which is 20 francs for six months, or 35 francs per annum, to be sent by money order. The above Superb Poster in colours—size, 32 inches by 47½ inches—will be forwarded on receipt of 10 francs. The *Courrier Français* is to be had in London at the French Library, 18, Wardour Street; Davies and Co., 1, Finch Lane, E.C.; Roussel's Bookstall, Café Royal, 68, Regent Street; and at the Palmerston Restaurant, Old Broad Street, E.C. Price per number, Sixpence. Subscribers for one whole year will receive, as supplements in the course of the year 1896, six one-sheet posters in colours, by Chéret.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 13.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS.

Events are moving so fast at present in most quarters of the globe that one expects to meet with some fresh shock on opening one's paper every morning; and in the Transvaal the march of history has been particularly swift during the past ten days. As we write, the situation there is enveloped in mystery, and there is no saying what may be the position by the time our remarks appear in print. It is the position of the Chartered Company to which attention is especially directed, in regard to which there has been a great deal of wild talk. At one moment the Queen was said to have peremptorily demanded the retirement of the Duke of Fife from the Vice-Presidency, and at the next the rumour was that the Charter of the Company was to be taken away. The most sensational reports were circulated, and people threw away their shares, till the price fell almost to 3, though last year they stood at 8½. Such a knock-out as this is a very serious matter, and holders who have been caught in this ruinous decline must be cursing their blindness in not foreseeing this Transvaal trouble.

The question whether it could have been foreseen is the point on which the future of the Chartered Company depends. If it can be proved that Dr. Jameson's insane invasion of the Transvaal was pre-arranged by the directors, then it will most certainly be a very serious thing for the Chartered Company. It would be impossible for the Government to continue the rights of a venture which had so wantonly and treacherously endangered the position of Great Britain in South Africa. But, on the other hand, if Jameson's mad raid was simply a hairbrained idea of his own, then there will be no reason for interfering with the Chartered Company's privileges because of one administrator's criminal folly.

Just now, when feeling is running high, some people are attacking Mr. Rhodes's conduct, and are openly accusing the Chartered Company of deliberately organising the raid. We think the facts are against them. If the raid had been planned by Mr. Rhodes—or, indeed, planned at all—we should not have witnessed such a miserable fiasco. Even if Mr. Rhodes has horns and hoofs, *he is not a fool*; and if he had planned the raid, brave men would not have had to fight in a starving condition—three days without food—and with exhausted horses, against overwhelming odds.

It is perfectly true that it was feared there would be big trouble in the Transvaal, that the Chartered Company's forces had been drilling for months, that they left Bulawayo for the neighbourhood of Mafeking on Nov. 1, and that men absent from Charterland were actually telegraphed for to join the little force. But what was then feared was war with the Boers over the closing of the Vaal River Drifts.

As that question was allowed to simmer down, Jameson was left with his men on the border without any reason for entering on hostilities. But the Uitlander crisis then broke out, and a new situation developed. On receiving the petition from Johannesburg to come to the assistance of the Uitlanders, he appears to have rushed in on his own initiative. So far as can be seen as yet, the petition was a foolish move of the exasperated National Union to precipitate the impending trouble and involve Charterland in the struggle. The result has been deplorable, and Johannesburg, while apparently demanding Dr. Jameson's aid, did not lift a finger to help him when he found himself outnumbered by the Boers. But, while the petition and the sequel do not show the Uitlanders in a very good light, it is easy to understand how Dr. Jameson, finding himself on the frontier, with his men yearning to meet the Boers, should have lost his head on receipt of a frantic appeal from his countrymen.

That his conduct was indefensible is pretty clear, but the point for the City is, how can the Chartered Company be made responsible? In view of what we have said, it is quite easy to believe Mr. Rhodes and the Duke of Abercorn when they say that the invasion of the Transvaal was the last thing they expected or wanted. This will doubtless be made clear to the British Government, and no interference with the Charter need be feared, especially in view of the Emperor of Germany's extraordinary message. To interfere with the Charter now would be regarded throughout the world as a distinct "truckling" to German menace. It is, of course, possible that the occurrence of this awkward incident might lead to the buying-up of Charterland by this country, but it is difficult to see why this should make Chartered shares fall so low. If the Company be left as before, the prospects remain as good as ever, while if the territory be purchased by the Government, the shareholders are bound to get a good bargain.

In spite of all that has occurred, we cannot see that the merits of Chartered shares, as a lock-up of magnificent promise, have been sensibly diminished.

Other African shares have been severely affected by the Transvaal trouble, but there are not wanting indications that bed-rock has now been reached, and that the Mining department has at last worked out its purgatorial period. Of course, there can be no buoyancy while the fear of complications still exists, but it will take something very bad in the way of news to cause any very serious fall now. The result of Dr. Jameson's incursion has been to so establish the power of the Boers that the Uitlanders are hardly likely now to cause the threatened trouble, and it is highly probable that President Krüger will see the policy of being magnanimous and granting them some additional privileges. In any case, the work of the mines is not likely to be seriously interrupted, and a purchase of good shares now is a hopeful speculation.

Our sketch this week will be recognised by all City men—portraying, as it does, the well-known features of Charles Sydney Goldmann, whose three great quarto volumes not only are, and must always remain, the standard work on the gold-mining and allied enterprises of South Africa, but are far and away the most complete and exhaustive mining monograph that has ever been published in any age or tongue. Mr. Goldmann is a worthy representative of the great industry amidst which he has lived, and with whose growth he has grown, and from whose strength he has gathered strength—the compact, squarely built figure, and resolute face are instinct with untiring industry and indomitable will. It is impossible to extract from his firmly set lips any expression of opinion on the lamentable events which have made last week a week of blood in the Transvaal, but one glance at him is enough to convince anyone that, if he is a fair example of the disfranchised Uitlanders, the Dutch Boers have all their work cut out for them, and are face to face with a resolute determination equal to their own, and a keenness of intellect that they wot not of. Though sternly reticent on political questions, it is noticed by his friends that Mr. Goldmann always speaks of President Krüger with grave respect as a statesman of ability and force of character.



MR. CHARLES SYDNEY GOLDMANN.

Photo by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

At the same time, if the womb of the future is to bring forth a struggle between this young Uitlander, full to the finger-tips of life, energy, and indomitable resolution, and the dogged resistance of "Oom Paul," we shall stake our money on Goldmann, a man of infinite courtesy but of iron will. The most difficult thing to realise about him is *how young he is*. That a man of twenty-seven should have been able, even with the co-operation of so skilled a coadjutor as Mr. Joseph Kitchin, to compile such a monument of accurate information, judgment, and minute technical skill as his great work, "South African Mines," and should also be an assiduous director of such notable companies as Crown Reef, Ferreira, Wemmer, Wolhuter, Henry Nourse, East Rand Proprietary, Modderfontein, Rand Mines, Comet, Angelo, and Johannesburg City and Suburban Tramways, not to mention many smaller concerns, indicates an ability and power of work that is really refreshing in these days of "dudes" and "mean whites." We have left ourselves no space to criticise in detail Mr. Goldmann's great book, but we hope to return to the subject at an early date, and explain the reasoning on which he founds his great faith in the deep-level mines of the Transvaal, a subject on which Mr. Goldmann spoke with singular emphasis and perspicacity at a dinner given in his honour by the Anglo-African Writers' Club. Mr. Goldmann is a partner in the great house of S. Neumann and Co., and states that he is about to return to South Africa after what he describes, with perfect simplicity, as "a six-months' holiday."

AMERICAN INSECURITIES.

For the moment attention is diverted from Grover Cleveland and his parody of the Monroe Doctrine to the results of Dr. Jameson's exploits as a bandit. But, all the same, the financial crisis in the United States is progressing, and when heads are cooler it will be found that the situation is even more serious than was thought when the difficulties were brought into prominence by Presidential bombast for the sake of the off-chance of re-election. We do not think that as yet the Americans realise in any adequate sense the enormous extent of the damage which the bluster of their President has done to their financial credit. But they will find it out ere long.

It is easy enough to complicate the question by intricate statistics. Every little clique of faddists can produce figures which would convince anybody who did not understand them. You cannot find a currency theorist who is not provided with figures sufficient to demonstrate his theory to be the only possible solution of the difficulty. As he gabbles them over, they seem convincing, for the simple reason in most cases that one cannot carry a reference library in one's waistcoat-pocket. Capitalists study theories very carefully, checking at their leisure the accuracy of figures and the cogency of arguments, and their action is finally decided by the answer to the simple question, "Will it pay?" The Monroe Doctrine may be sound or otherwise; even President Cleveland's interpretation of it may be forgiven. International difficulty may thus be averted, but how long will it take to restore confidence in the credit of a country whose currency is in such a nebulous condition as that of the United States, or which can be worked up into warlike fury by an electioneering manœuvre of the most transparent character?

What confidence remained in the intrinsic merits of American Railroad securities has been seriously impaired by the currency complications, and by the threats of war—particularly by the former. The crisis has been deferred from time to time by temporary expedients. In the end an effective remedy might have turned up fortuitously, but Mr. Cleveland could not resist the temptation of inviting Great Britain to tread on the tail of somebody else's coat. The difficulty he had to confront was that of the gold being drawn away from the Treasury, and this difficulty he had mitigated by means of the loans recently raised. When the Treasury's gold reserve came to only about 40 per cent. of the legal figure, and when Congress refused to deal with the question, it was necessary to issue the famous Four per Cent. Loan, and we know how little this has done to relieve the pressure.

With affairs in their present condition there is no temptation to become a bull of American Rails, and still less to buy them for a lock-up. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* If all the difficulties of international relations can be got over, there still remains the danger that some extraordinary doctrine will be discovered which will prejudice foreign holders. Indeed, the Monroe Doctrine itself, in the capable hands of President Cleveland, would serve the purpose very well.

To re-establish something like equilibrium, every nerve is being strained to effect a bond issue. It is no use to make an appeal in this country. You cannot get loans from a country with which you have threatened to go to war on account of a technical dispute about a boundary-line thousands of miles off. In all the other financial centres the financiers have their hands full, and so the only resource is an internal loan. That expedient is precisely equivalent to taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. But it is what the United States Executive proposes to try. As a matter of course, we hear that negotiations are proceeding for placing abroad some of the bonds. It is easy to negotiate, but quite a different matter to bring the negotiations to a successful issue. What the United States suffers from financially is an extravagant amount of currency, based on an inadequate amount of gold. We are told of "apprehensions that the removal of gold from the banks to the Treasury will bring about a contraction of the currency." The next thing we shall have cabled over from New York will probably be that George Washington is dead. The curse of the present currency system in the States is the enormous circulation, backed up only by a Treasury reserve which cannot be relied upon even up to its legal minimum, and by the till-money of banks which are all working under different laws. If those banks lend their gold to the Government, so as to provide material for export, what result can follow but disaster? That till-money, in the aggregate, has hitherto been regarded as the safeguard of the United States as a gold-using country, and this proposed use of it is almost equivalent to pawning one's watch.

The dividends on American Railroad shares, as everybody knows, or ought to know, are regulated under conditions very different from those of British railways. The American boards of directors feel themselves under no obligation to pay dividends on the common stock if they require the money for other purposes; and they do not scruple to state, in their annual reports, that the net profits have been appropriated for "betterments," or anything else. If a British railway board thinks it necessary to do anything of the kind, there are two alternatives available—to charge the expenditure to revenue over a series of years, or to make a fresh capital issue in the form that commends itself, at the moment, as the most convenient and the most likely to be successful.

Income Bonds and Preferred Stock are treated in America with similar insouciance. The only thing the railway "bosses" consider is the danger of foreclosure when the bonds carry that right. Gold bonds are, of course, a better security than those on which the interest is payable in "currency," which may be one thing to-day and another to-morrow. But European investors will think twice before putting their money even on "Gold" bonds when they find that so little lies between us and war with the United States. It is a revelation, and not a pleasant one; but it is better to have it now than later on. The new bond issue by the Government may possibly be arranged somehow; but, after all, it will only be a makeshift; and, looking at the situation impartially, we must describe a purchase of American Railroad shares—or even Gold bonds—as a distinctly bold venture.

We very much regret to hear that Messrs. Chinnery, the large American jobbers, have suffered annoyance from our mention, in last week's "City Notes," of the current gossip that the firm's ordinary stock in hand of American securities was so large that the depreciation amounted to £10,000 a-day. We are gratified to hear that there is no truth in this statement. We need not say that we had no

thought of causing Messrs. Chinnery any annoyance, and are very sorry to have done so.

The *Investor's Review* for January has reached us, together with the "Credit Index," a most excellent and useful compilation, which should be in the hands of every investor. The *Review* is a good number, despite the everlasting gibes and jeers at what Mr. Wilson is pleased to call "Jingoism," but the ordinary man "patriotism." The article on "Banking Risks" comes at a very opportune time, with the air full of wars and rumours of wars, and we fear there is some truth in what it says. The paper on "Infallible Imperial Federation Plan" is very silly and very dull. It is attributed to Mr. Wilson's "Scotch" sense of humour, and in North Britain is much admired. On this side of the Tweed it is regarded as mere drivel. The article on the Great Northern Railway is well-written and weighty. It should be pondered by those who have the destinies of that road in their hands.

We have received a copy of the seventh annual publication of "Dunsford's Stock Exchange Handbook," which seems as clear, careful, and correct as usual.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAMPBELL.—You cannot expect absolute safety with "five per cent. or better," but we think the recent fall in prices would enable you to get the 5 per cent. debentures of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, or the 6 per cent. debentures of the United States Brewing Company, at prices that would pay you 5 per cent. or better. The 6 per cent. debentures of the New York Breweries are also considered safe, in spite of the bad management which has characterised the company for years. The Unified Stock of the Industrial and General Trust is also fairly good and improving, and is cheap. A few Linotype shares might also suit you.

INFORTUNE.—(A, C, E) We have a poor opinion of these concerns. (B) Yes. (D) If you can sell the first, we advise you to do so. We cannot advise you on the second without more information. In addition to the railway, there are five other companies of that name, and the railway has twelve different stocks.

WINDSOR.—We do not think the shares mentioned in your letter likely to prove valuable. Anyhow, we should not advise you to buy any more. We cannot make out the name of the concern mentioned in your postscript.

UNLUCKY.—It is very difficult to say how things will go, but we incline to think all your holdings are likely to get better rather than worse; but, in the unsettled condition of things in America and South Africa, we can hardly advise you to increase your holdings. Watch the stocks carefully, and repeat your inquiry at the end of the month. We are inclined to think No. 3 are a good spec. at the present price of $3\frac{3}{16}$ to $3\frac{5}{16}$, but a good many disagree with us. There has been a good deal of buying to-day.

AULD NAP.—The mine is undoubtedly on the line of the reef you mention; but a reef may be rich in one part and barren in another, and the statement in the prospectus about the property "immediately adjoining" the celebrated mine you name is now admitted to be incorrect. So we think, if you at once consulted a reliable City solicitor, you could compel the company to return your money and take the shares back. Considering that the two pieces of land purchased were quite undeveloped, and therefore unproved, we consider that the mine was grossly over-capitalised, and it is supposed that the directors went to allotment on a very inadequate subscription. Thank you for your kind wishes.

C. L. M. T.—We do not ourselves invest money for correspondents, but, if you like to comply with Rule 5, we will give you an introduction to a firm of respectable brokers.

A. B.—It is not easy to sell shares of this kind in the present state of the market; but if you can get out of the rest of your holding at anything over par, we are inclined to advise you to do so.

MUMBLES.—Through pressure on space, we are unable to answer till next week.

GLASGOW.—Received too late to answer this week (see Rule 1). You omitted to stamp your letter. All letters should be prepaid.

A very enjoyable entertainment took place at the Drill Hall, Chenies Street, on Thursday, when a series of illustrated fairy-tales and songs were given, under the direction of Miss Playfair, in aid of the Children's Holiday Fund, St. Thomas, Regent Street. Miss Playfair has hit on the capital notion of enabling the little ones to earn their own holiday. The performers were all children from Regent Street slums, and woefully in need of recreation as well as of fresh air. The performance had all the success it deserved, artistically and financially. The children were most picturesquely grouped, and looked charming in dresses kindly lent by Mr. Comyns Carr. The intricate evolutions of a May-pole dance were gone through with the utmost skill, and would have delighted Mr. Ruskin. The proceeds will enable nearly two hundred children to enjoy a fortnight in the country.

The author of "The Demagogue and Lady Playre" (Heinemann) knows something about working-men politicians. Mr. Locke's former book, "At the Gate of Samaria," seemed much too long; but its bulk obscured good stuff, for the qualities of his second cannot have had a very recent birth. "The Demagogue" is just of the right length to develop the situation effectively. A lover and leader of his fellow-men, married to a frivolous girl who became a drunkard, falls under the spell of a gracious, cultivated lady. He does not behave like a villain, but he is honestly glad when the drunkard is taken from him by death. Only, what had been nearly the whole of life to him was a small matter to Lady Playre, and the demagogue's brilliant career is a very grey one as looked at by himself. Mr. Locke's well-written, sensible, and sympathetic story ensures a welcome for his future work.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.